

JULY 2, 1881

THE GRAPHIC.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No 605.—Vol. XXIV.

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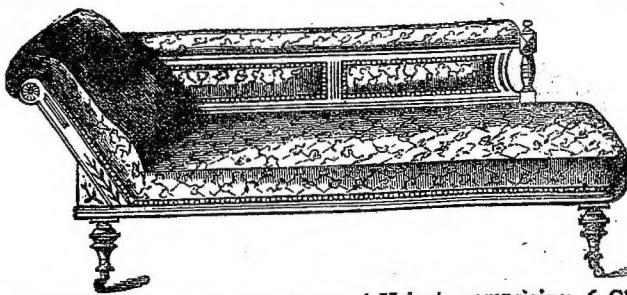
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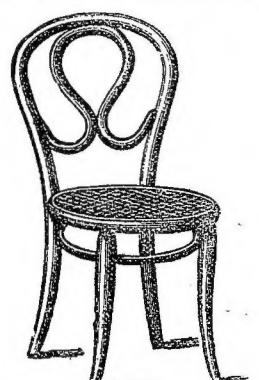
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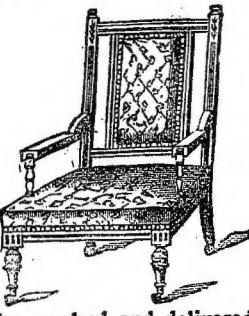
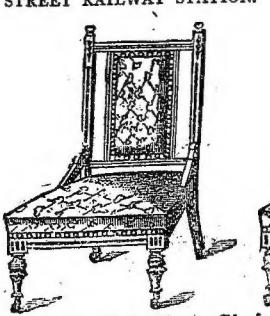
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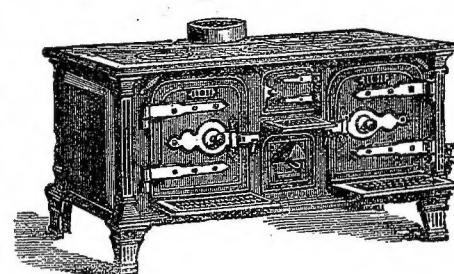
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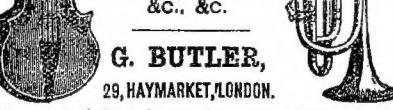
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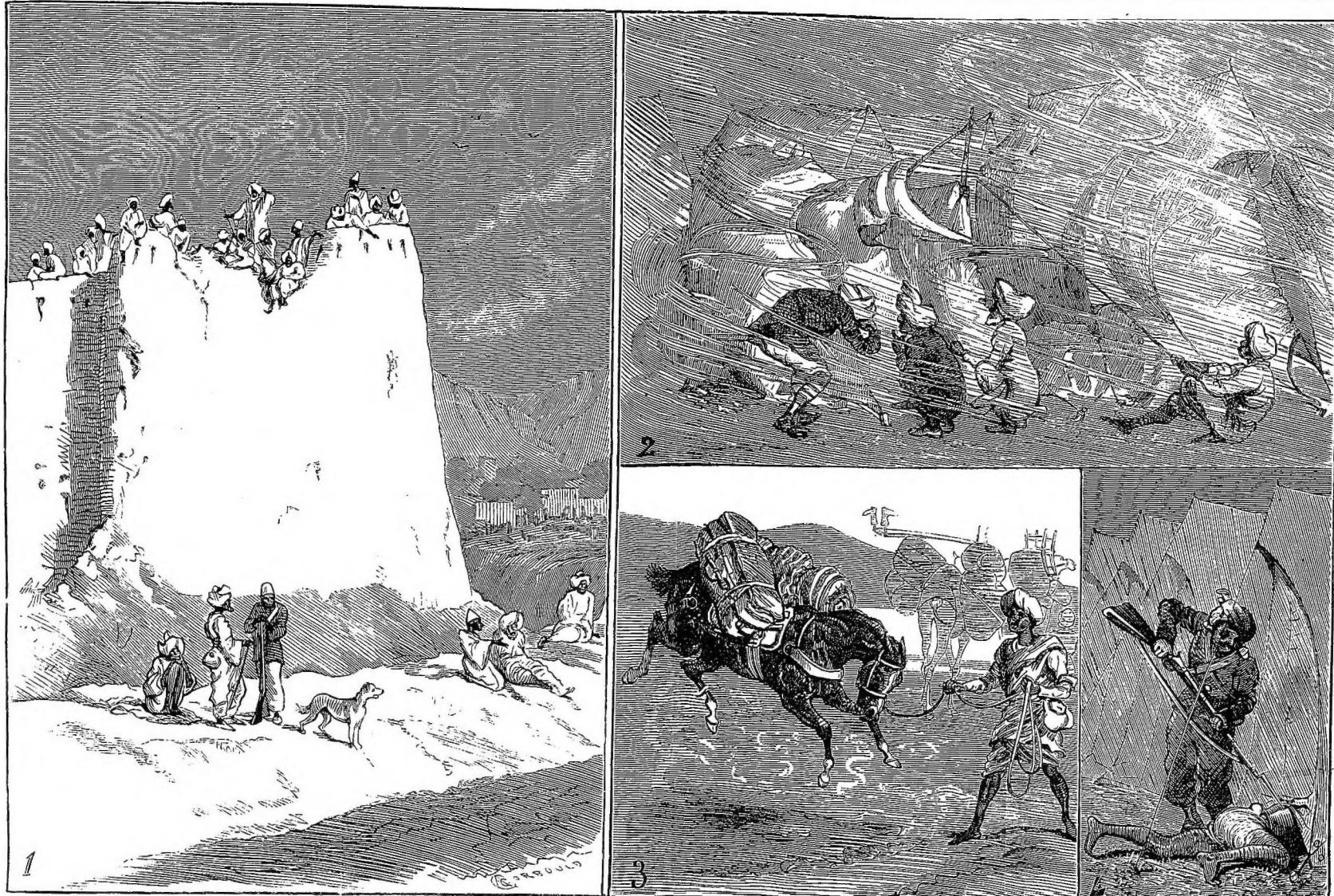
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No. 605.—VOL. XXIV.
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THE EVACUATION OF CANDAHAR—NOTES ON THE RETURN MARCH



INSTALLATION OF PRINCE LEOPOLD AS DUKE OF ALBANY IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS



IRELAND AND THE LAND BILL.—Now that the Land Bill takes precedence of all other measures, we may hope that it will reach the House of Lords in time for adequate discussion. It may be considerably modified in the Upper House, but that it will be rejected no one seems to anticipate. The Lords are generally prudent enough to avoid an irritating conflict with public opinion, and they must know that the rejection of this measure would give rise to a very dangerous agitation. A more important question is whether the Bill, when it becomes law, is likely to have a pacifying effect on the discontented classes in Ireland. The Home Rule members persistently maintain that it will be a failure; and it must be admitted that their view is supported by a good many disagreeable facts. We still hear of agrarian outrages, and every meeting attended by tenant farmers has to be closely watched. So far as the drift of popular sentiment may be judged by the utterances of prominent members of the Land League, the malcontents certainly seem to demand far more than is conceded in the Land Bill, or than could be conceded by any body of English statesmen. There is, however, good reason to doubt whether the majority of Irish farmers are as extravagant as the spouters who affect to speak in their name. Many of them are understood to withhold their rents only because they are afraid that the police would be unable to protect them from local tyranny, while it is admitted that others have solid ground of complaint as to the character of their relations to their landlords. On the whole, therefore, it would be premature to assume that Mr. Parnell and his supporters give a true account of the general feeling among their countrymen. The Land Bill is so complicated that probably few of the peasantry fully understand what the Government propose to do for them. When it is in operation, we may expect that many, if not most, of them will be prepared to accept its advantages rather than associate themselves with movements which are hostile to their own interests.

URGENCY v. WASTE OF TIME.—A man in his declining years often pays the penalty for the follies of his youth. So now, in return for the inordinate number of questions asked, and the shameless obstruction exercised during the earlier weeks of the Session, the House of Commons finds the privileges of its individual members sorely restricted during the remainder of the term. Private members' Bills and Resolutions are unceremoniously thrown overboard, it is almost a doubt whether a night will be found for the Transvaal debate, Government business is to take precedence of everything else, and Urgency is voted (in fact though not in name) for the Irish Land Bill, which is to be a daily dish until disposed of. In former days the Massacre of the Innocents which took place at the end of every Session referred almost exclusively to the Bills of private members. Now the Government are compelled to abandon their own offspring. The Bankruptcy Bill, the Floods Prevention Bill, the Endowed Schools (Scotland) Bill, perhaps even the Ballot (Renewal) Bill, and the Bribery Bill, will have to be postponed till a more convenient season. Twenty or thirty years ago Mr. Gladstone's proposal that the Land Bill should override all other legislation would not have been accepted so quietly as it was on Tuesday. The House is, however, exhausted, not merely physically, as it may well be after a most worrying Session, begun a month earlier than usual, but morally, from a consciousness that with all its labours it accomplishes very little. It is truly marvellous that a body of six hundred men, all above the average in ambition and energy, or they would not be where they are, should apparently be unable to control the comparatively small minority who are such habitual wasters of the time of the House. It has been shown that the inveterate question-askers are very few in number. Surely, the House, if it chose, might muzzle these troublesome creatures. It is a mistake to draw up elaborate rules which punish the innocent as well as the guilty. Everybody knows the real culprits, and they, especially the Hibernian variety, ought to be taught that the House of Commons is, above all things, a place for the transaction of business. Such time-wasting, for example as that in which some of the Irish members indulged on Monday afternoon would rarely occur if the Speaker were empowered summarily to put a stop to such discussions. The electors of Great Britain have a right to feel indignant. What do they get in exchange for all the fuss and turmoil of a general election? A House which can't keep order among a handful of malcontents, and which, after months of talk, is unable to exhibit a single specimen of legislation in which the people of England and Scotland are interested.

BULGARIA AND EASTERN ROUMELIA.—When the Treaty of Berlin was concluded English Radicals bitterly denounced Lord Beaconsfield for having severed Eastern Roumelia from Bulgaria. His policy, however, has been justified sooner than he himself could have anticipated. Eastern Roumelia is now one of the most prosperous districts in South-Eastern Europe; while Bulgaria is convulsed by a struggle which has already led to disastrous results. It is easy to condemn the Prince for his arbitrary measures, but

what was to be expected of a ruler placed directly under the influence of the Russian Government? It was absurd to suppose that Russia would be favourable to the development of free institutions, and many observers predicted that her course would be that which she has actually pursued. The time had come for the concession of local self-government, but the end would have been accomplished far more effectually if the general supremacy of the Porte, under strict European guarantees, had been maintained. Now, of course, it is impossible to undo what has been done; and it may be doubted whether the interference of the Powers would be of permanent benefit. Bulgaria is nominally independent, but in reality her rulers, whoever they might be, must take the word of command from St. Petersburg. She has been delivered from one despotism only to be handed over to another; and a good many Bulgarians seem to be of opinion that the new despotism is by no means an improvement on the old.

SPAIN.—It would be imprudent to speak too hopefully concerning the future of such a country as Spain. Not many years ago, under the firm leadership of O'Donnell, Spain appeared to be steadily advancing on the paths of prosperity. Yet soon after his death there came a long period of convulsion, during which Carlists and Communists equally strove to pull their fatherland to pieces. Nevertheless it may be fairly anticipated that the period of tranquillity which set in with the accession of King Alfonso is destined to be of a more permanent character. The men who ruled Spain under Isabella, O'Donnell, Narvaez, and Gonzales Bravo, were practically despots, governing not by the will of the people, but by the brute force of the army. All this is now changed; Alfonso is a Constitutional King, and it has been shown that a Conservative Canovas can be succeeded by a Liberal Sagasta without any disturbance of the public peace. From both public and private sources, we learn, as a result of this tranquillity, that the resources of the country, unrivalled both in agriculture and minerals, are daily being developed, the floating debt has been reduced, private deposits in the banks are increasing, and the country which was once the cradle of the Inquisition, and which has always been noted for its religious intolerance, has absolutely offered an asylum to the persecuted Jews of Eastern Europe. England no longer fears a renewal of the rivalry of three hundred years ago. Her earnest desire is that Spain may grow daily in riches and strength. Spanish bondholders, too, echo her desires, hoping that there may be halcyon days to come, when they will receive a full reward for patient waiting during many impecunious years.

INDEPENDENT MEMBERS.—It was inevitable that the House of Commons should be asked to devote the whole of its time to the Land Bill, but Mr. Cowen was perfectly justified in calling attention to the increasing limitation of the rights of independent members. During the present Session hardly any measure introduced by an independent member has had the faintest chance of success. Parliament has been compelled to devote itself almost exclusively to the proposals of the Government, individual reformers being able at the utmost to secure only a hasty discussion of some of their projects. The circumstances have been, no doubt, exceptional to a certain extent; but the same thing happened last year, and the general tendency is to increase the opportunities of the Government at the expense of those of members who are not in office. Now, it may be true that the country would not lose much if some members of Parliament who are anxious to display their zeal, were permanently silenced; but it should be remembered that, as Mr. Cowen urged, "nearly all the rights which this country, and especially the Liberal party, can boast of, have been originated by independent members." The abolition of slavery and Parliamentary Reform were once denounced as "crotches;" and neither improvement would have been effected so soon had the matters in dispute been left solely in the hands of successive Governments. And this might be said of many other measures of hardly less importance. If we advance much farther in the direction in which we have already advanced so far, public opinion can be in future only slightly influenced by discussion in Parliament.

OUR PROVISION MARKETS.—It is very doubtful whether London will ever be supplied with that kind of market which is to be seen in country towns, and on the Continent, where the actual producers of fruit, vegetables, and dairy produce come in from their rural homes at early morning, and sell their wares. But more numerous and more spacious markets of the kind where middlemen act as the sellers would be a great boon to Londoners. Covent Garden is notoriously inadequate to meet the strain which is placed upon it, and its owner appears either unable or unwilling to enlarge and improve it. Under these circumstances we may hail with pleasure the approaching completion of the new Leadenhall Market at Smithfield, which, as peas and potatoes, pears and plums, are pleasanter things to look at than loins of mutton or ribs of beef, will probably become a still more popular place of resort than the adjoining butchers' market has been. London, however, is so big that it could easily find room for half-a-dozen new Leadenhall Markets, north, east, south, and west. The accommodation for the sale of fish is still worse, and were it not that the despotism of the fishmongers is in some degree tempered by the costermongers' barrows, the

exorbitancy of the dealers' prices would be felt even more than now. As matters now stand, fishermen are badly paid for the fish which are sold so dearly in the shops, and for lack of adequate market space quantities of valuable food get stale and have to be condemned. We have discussed this subject more fully in another paragraph. Half-a-dozen Billingsgates would be none too much for such a fish-devourer as is our great Babylon, and everybody, fishermen, middlemen, and consumers, would feel the benefit. We hope the City Corporation or the Board of Works, or both, will help us to get cheaper fish.

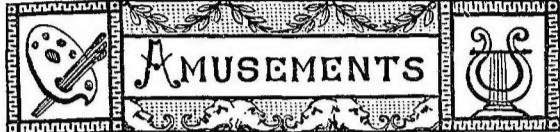
MIDHAT PASHA.—There seems to be no reason to doubt that some at least of those who have been condemned for the murder of Abdul Aziz are really guilty. That Midhat Pasha was an accomplice, however, has certainly not been proved. The case for the prosecution was that he belonged to the Supreme Commission, and that without the concurrence of this Commission the crime could not have been committed. It was also argued that if he had been innocent he would have attempted to discover and punish the murderers. In reply to the latter charge he admitted that he ought perhaps to have been more energetic, but added truly that he was not more to blame than his colleagues in the Council of Ministers. As to the Supreme Commission, he denies that it existed; and no real effort seems to have been made to prove that his denial was contrary to facts. Altogether, it is highly improbable that in Western Europe he would have been condemned on such slight grounds; and it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that he has been found guilty merely because it may be convenient to get him out of the way. Midhat Pasha has proved himself to be one of the most enlightened statesmen whom Turkey has produced. Every district he has governed has prospered, and no member of the ruling class has been so anxious to induce the Sultan to make wise concessions. The Sultan himself may have wished to act fairly; but he is surrounded by counsellors whose motives are more open to suspicion. The manner in which the trial has been conducted shows that Midhat had excellent reasons for desiring to secure foreign protection, and it is to be regretted that there was no means of submitting his defence to an impartial tribunal.

NEW LONDON DOCKS.—A silent but steady revolution has for many years been taking place in the river trade of London below bridge. Forty years ago, in that part of the Thames called the Pool, there were moored serried rows of collier-brigs, from the holds of which the cargo was brought to light and emptied into barges by the primitive process known as "coal-whipping." These collier-brigs have nearly all vanished, most of them have perished in the North Sea gales, and their business is transferred to railways and steamboats. The upper reaches of the Thames below bridge, within a mile of the Custom House, are now chiefly frequented by passenger steamers, barges, and such like small craft, few vessels being moored in the stream. Then, till but the other day, the St. Katharine's, the London, the East and West India, and the Commercial Docks on the Surrey side, supplied the shipping needs of the metropolis. Here, again, a great change has taken place. First, the Victoria Docks were constructed below Blackwall; then, still lower down, near those well-known pleasure-grounds where the Claimant used to disport himself in his palmy days, the Albert Docks were made; and now, some three-and-a-half miles lower down still, new docks are to be made at Dagenham. The result is that London is becoming more and more of a genuine seaport, a position which would have been irretrievably lost, in these days of monster steamships, had our dock companies been content to rest satisfied with their original area of land-locked water. As a matter of fact, London is swallowing up the trade of minor harbours; for example, the P. and O., and other big steamers, whose terminus used to be at Southampton, now make the Albert Docks the finish of their journey.

IN THE BRIGHTON EXPRESS.—We wrote last week about the Railway Rough, it is now our duty to write about a still more dangerous personage, the Railway Murderer. The evil deed which was done last Monday in the train between Croydon and Preston is just of that sort which makes everybody uncomfortable. We instinctively feel that the fate which befel the unfortunate man whose body was found in the Balcombe Tunnel might have befallen ourselves. Neither a first-class carriage, nor broad daylight, nor the alarm apparatus, afforded the slightest protection. Still, it is a consolation to think that such crimes have hitherto been rare. A few instances have occurred on the Continent, but, except the case of the young miscreant who a few months ago tried to drug and rob his former shopmate on the Metropolitan Railway, we can recall no similar occurrence since Mr. Briggs was murdered by Muller, the German tailor, just seventeen years ago. The other day Sir William Harcourt paid the police force some well deserved compliments, and we have never approved of the sneers which are sometimes launched at them because certain murders remain unsolved mysteries. Still, it must be admitted that a couple of really wide-awake constables would never have allowed Mr. Lefroy to slip through their fingers so easily. A gentleman who is found in a railway-carriage with much more blood about him than can be accounted for by his own slight

injuries, whose statements are inconsistent, who carries Hanoverian medals (part of a swindler's regular stock of appliances) in his pockets, and a gold watch in his boot, certainly deserved to be regarded with a wholesome degree of suspicion. The chief lesson to be learnt at present from this shocking affair is that the luxury of privacy in railway carriages may be purchased too dearly. The saloon system will probably become more popular in future; and possibly railway companies, if encouraged by the public, may convert their vehicles into semi-saloons by cutting away the upper parts of the partitions. It is doubtful if public opinion is ripe for the introduction of the Swiss and American plan, where guards and passengers can move freely from one end of the train to the other.

NOTICE.—With this Number is published an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, entitled, "PUSSY AND I," from a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company of the Picture by Rudolph Epp, forming the FRONTISPICE to VOL. XXIII.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. To-night (Saturday) THE BELLS. Mathias, Mr. IRVING. Preceded at 7.45 by DAISY'S ESCAPE. On Monday and every evening during the week, at 7.45 THE BELLS. Mathias, Mr. IRVING; followed by Mrs. Cowley's comedy, THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM. Doricourt, Mr. IRVING; Letitia Hardy, Miss ELLEN TERRY. Messrs. Terrell, Howe, Pinner, Elwood, Beaumont, Tyers, and Miss Sophie Young. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open from 10 till 5. Seats also booked by letter or telegram.

INDEPENDENCE DAY,
To-morrow (Monday), Fourth of July.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will celebrate the One Hundred and Fifth Anniversary of American Independence TO-MORROW (Monday) AFTERNOON and NIGHT, when the soul-stirring American National Songs, HAIL, COLUMBIA! THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE, and THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER will be sung by the magnificent Choir of the Company. The Hall will be appropriately decorated by Messrs. Delries and Co. The Entertainment will be given under the immediate Patronage and Presence of a large number of American Citizens. Doors Open at 2.30 and 7 o'clock.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.

THIRD AND POSITIVELY THE LAST WEEK BUT ONE of the immensely successful American skit upon LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS and MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT, in which the eminent American comedian, MR. WILLIAM HENRY RICE, appears as SARAH HEARTBURNE, EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT, and on SATURDAY AFTERNOON ONLY at THREE, the exertion being too great to admit of Mr. Rice performing the burlesque at either the Monday or Wednesday Matinee.

M R. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.—CHERRY TREE FARM, a New Piece by Arthur Law, Music by Hamilton Clarke. YE FANCIE FAIRE, 1881, a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Graine, and A BRIGHT IDEA, by Arthur Law, Music by Arthur Cecil. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8; Thursday and Saturday at 3—ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place. Admission 1s., 2s., Stalls, 3s., 5s. No fees. Booking Office open from 10 to 6. The Season will close July 23rd.

RUBINSTEIN.

RUBINSTEIN'S LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL, ST. JAMES'S HALL, MONDAY NEXT, July 4th, at 3 o'clock. Positively his last appearance in England. Tickets, 2s., 1s. 6d., 5s., and 1s., at Austin's, St. James's Hall, and usual Agents.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, LEICESTER SQUARE, PANORAMA ART GALLERIES.

MEISSONIER.—Portrait of ALEX. DUMAS.—GEROME, BOULANGER, LEFEBVRE, BAUDRY, BONNAT, VOLLON, HENNER, HEBERT, E. LEVY.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S STATUE of OPHELIA. STATUES and PICTURES by SARAH BERNHARDT.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S PICTURE of DEATH AND THE LADY, "LA MORT ET LA JEUNE FILLE."

PICTURES and STATUES by SARAH BERNHARDT. PANORAMA ART GALLERIES, Leicester Square. Admission, One Shilling. Open 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.

DORÉS GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity."—*The Times*) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

BRIGHTON EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon; from London Bridge 10.35 a.m., calling at Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

BRIGHTON.—PULLMAN DRAWING-ROOM CAR TRAINS leave Victoria for Brighton every Week-day at 10.00 a.m. and 4.30 p.m., and from Brighton at 9.45 a.m. and 5.45 p.m.; also from Victoria on Sundays 10.45 a.m., and from Brighton 8.30 p.m.

THE GRAND AQUARIUM AT BRIGHTON.—EVERY SATURDAY. Cheap First Class Trains from Victoria at 10.55 and 11.55 a.m., and London Bridge at 9.30 a.m. and 12.00 noon, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Fare—1st Class, Half-a-guinea (including admission to the Aquarium and the Royal Pavilion Picture Gallery, Palace, and Grounds), available to return by any Train the same day, except the 5.45 p.m. Pullman Car Train.

EVERY WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Day Return Tickets to Brighton, including admission to the Aquarium, are issued from Victoria, London Bridge, and nearly all Stations.

FAMILY and TOURIST TICKETS are now issued, available for one month, from London Bridge, Victoria, &c., to Portsmouth (for Southsea, Ryde, Cowes, Newport, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor (for Bonchurch and Freshwater), and Hayling Island).

PARIS.—SHORTEST CHEAPEST ROUTE. VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, AND ROUEN. DAY SERVICE—Every Weekday as under:

	Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Paris.
July 1 . .	Dep. 7.55 a.m. . .	Dep. 8.5 a.m. . .	Arr. 2.17 p.m.
" 2 . .	" 8.30 " . .	" 8.0 " . .	" 8.27 "
" 4 . .	" 9.35 " . .	" 9.45 " . .	" 9.10 "
" 6 . .	" 10.45 " . .	" 10.55 " . .	" 10.35 "
" 8 . .	" 11.50 " . .	" 11.40 " . .	" 11.45 "
" 9 . .	" 12.55 p.m. . .	" 12.55 p.m. . .	" 12.45 p.m.
" 10 . .	" 7.55 a.m. . .	" 8.5 a.m. . .	" 9.15 p.m.

NIGHT SERVICE—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8.0 p.m. every Weekday.

FARES—London to Paris and Back 1st Class, £1 15 0 2nd Class, £1 19 0 Available for Return within One Month. Third Class Return Ticket by the Night Service, 3s.

A Through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa.

Powerful Paddle Steamers with excellent cabins, &c.

Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

HAVRE.—Passengers booked through by this route every Weeknight from Victoria and London Bridge as above.

HONFLEUR, TROUVILLE, CAEN, &c.—Passengers booked through from Victoria and London Bridge, via Littlehampton, every Monday and Wednesday.

TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

GLASGOW AND THE HIGHLANDS.—Royal Route via Crinan and Caledonian Canals by Royal Mail new swift Steamer *Columba* or the *Long* from Bridge Wharf, Glasgow, daily, at 7 a.m., and from Greenock at 9 a.m., conveying Passengers for Oban, North and West Highlands. Official Guide Book, 2d.; Illustrated Copies, 6d. and 1s. See Bill, with Map and Tourist Fares, free, at Messrs. CHATTO and WINDUS, Publishers, 214, Piccadilly, London, or by post, free, from the Owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, No. 119, Hope street, Glasgow.

THE GRAPHIC SUMMER NUMBER

Will this year be one of special interest, containing the following Illustrations,

ALL TO BE PRINTED IN COLOURS.

"THE LATEST," THE TENDER PASSION SCARLET RUNNERS.
THE GUITAR PLAYER. READING THE CHAL- "IN 1575."
LENGE. GETTING IMPATIENT.

An EXTRA LARGE PLATE, representing the Death of Lieutenants MELVILLE and COGHILL, an episode in the late Zulu War, entitled

"DYING TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS," By C. E. FRIPP, SPECIAL ARTIST to "THE GRAPHIC" DURING THE WHOLE OF THE ZULU CAMPAIGN.

OUR LAWN TENNIS MATCH. By ARTHUR HOPKINS—WE BEGIN BY QUARRELLING ABOUT THE SIDES.

THE SERVICE. THAT'S WHAT WE CALL THREE SETTS TO LOVE!

THE BACK-HANDED RETURN.

A VOLLEY. A DETERMINED RALLY.

OUR HAYMAKING. By RANDOLPH CALDICOTT.

WE TAKE A COUNTRY COTTAGE, WITHIN THE ADJOINING MEADOW.

THE MOWING.

THE TEDDING.

THE CARRYING.

GRAND PARADE OF VOLUNTEER MOWERS.

OUR GREAT WATERING PLACE. By W. R. RALSTON—COASTGUARD ON DUTY.

'ARRY SAID HE WOULD AMUSE THE YOUNGSTERS.

THE BE-REAVED ONE.

LOW TIDE.

"AVE A BATH TO-DAY, GENTLE-MEN?"

MRS. JONES'S LITTLE JOKE.

NOTES IN NORTH WALES. By J. C. DOLLMAN—OUIDA.

RAINED UP.

OVER THE MOORS TO PREACH WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

DOING THE PASS.

ONLY AN AMATEUR.

HER MA CAME WITH THEM INTO WALES.

TOWERISTS.

"I SAY DOBBIN—HERE'S A SET."

TOMKINS THINKS IT WOULD BE AS CHEAP TO GET THEM IN LONDON.

THE FAIRY GLEN.

THE MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE.

"FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE."

HOLIDAY SKETCHES AT SCARBOROUGH. By MARS—LANDING FISH.

THE SPA DARLINGS.

CHILDREN ON THE SHORE.

READY JULY 18.

ONE SHILLING, by post, 1s. 3d.

But as the Plate would be injured in transit by post it is recommended that orders be given to the regular newsagent.

THE GRAPHIC GALLERY, 190, STRAND, LONDON.

TYPES OF FEMALE BEAUTY, ILLUSTRATED BY THE FOLLOWING ENGLISH AND FRENCH ARTISTS—

P. H. CALDERON, R.A.
FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.
ARTHUR HOPKINS, R.A.
SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.
G. D. LESLIE, R.A.
EDWIN LONG, R.A.

JULES GOUILLOT
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).
PAUL BAUDRY
(Commander of the Legion of Honour,
Member of the Institute).
GUSTAVE JACQUET
(Chevalier of the Legion of Honour).

ALSO,

"DYING TO SAVE THE QUEEN'S COLOURS."

THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANTS MELVILLE AND COGHILL, 24TH REGT

AN EPISODE IN THE BATTLE OF INSANDWHANA,

Painted by Mr. C. E. FRIPP, Special Artist to "The Graphic" during the whole of the Zulu Campaign.

There is also exhibited a choice selection of ORIGINAL WATER-COLOUR and BLACK and WHITE DRAWINGS, the Engravings from which have from time to time appeared in "The Graphic."

MILLAI'S

New Picture,

"LITTLE MRS. GAMP,"

a companion to the celebrated "CHERRY RIPE," has been added.

THE GALLERY IS OPEN DAILY FROM TEN TILL SIX.

Admission, including Illustrated Catalogue, ONE SHILLING.

WESTMINSTER PANORAMA.

YORK STREET, QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, S.W.

(Opposite St. James's Park Station, and adjoining Royal Aquarium.)

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

By C. CASTELLANI.

Covering over 20,000 Square Feet of Canvas.

The Largest Panorama in England.

NOW OPEN.

Admission, 1s.

THE WITHDRAWAL FROM CANDAHAR

"MY first sketch," writes our correspondent, "represents the corner tower of the wall of Candahar, with the inhabitants watching our departure. In my second is shown a dust storm blowing in the camp. This is almost a daily occurrence, but at Gatai a particularly violent tempest took place, which levelled a good many tents. The atmosphere looks more like a London fog than anything else during one of these storms. In the third sketch a pony is getting rid of his load. A great many officers were told on going to Candahar that they might bring the usual amount of baggage which they are entitled to travel about with, but when the evacuation was determined upon they were informed that carriage for only about one-third that amount would be supplied them, consequently those who had spare chargers or ponies of their own packed their goods and chattels upon them; and those who had none had to burn or throw away their surplus kit. A good many of the polo ponies and spare chargers, not being used to pack-saddles or baggage, objected to these burdens at first, and for the first few marches it was a very common sight to see them relieving themselves in the manner I have depicted. 'Who come dar?' represents a Sepoy of the Beloochee regiment bayonetted an Afghan thief. These thieves were very numerous at every place we camped at, and, in spite of extra sentries, often managed to creep into the camp and into tents where men were sleeping, and walk off with rifles, &c. Camels and mules also often disappeared. The 'Beloochee' shot one and bayonetted another at Gatai, and one of the 13th Hussars shot another at Chuman."

THE CONVENT OF MAR SABA, PALESTINE
AND
AN INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR
See page 20.

INSTALLATION OF PRINCE LEOPOLD

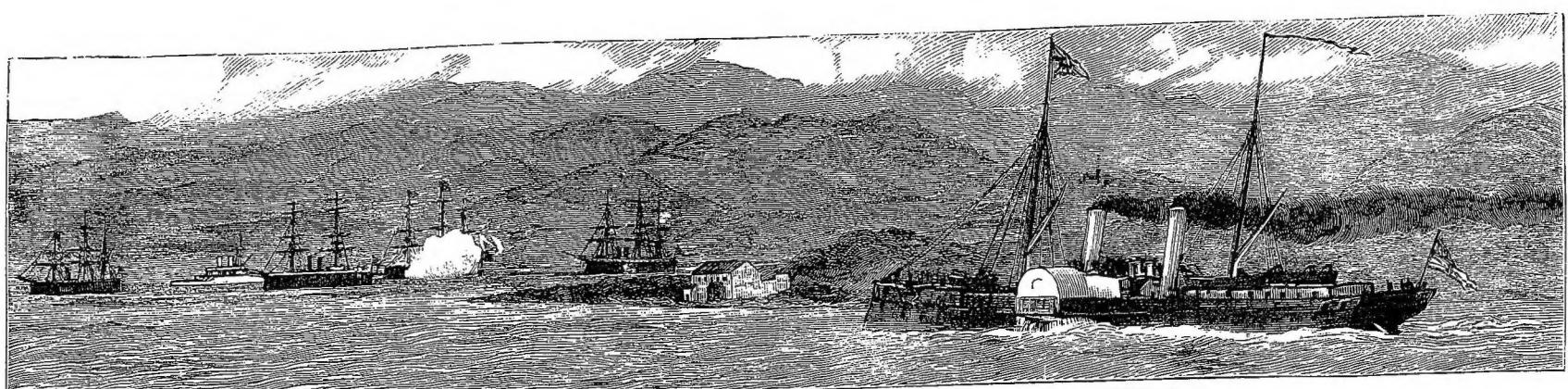
A FEW weeks since Her Majesty created H.R.H. Prince Leopold Duke of Albany, Earl Clarence, and Baron Arklow, and Monday, June 20th, was appointed for the formal admission of the Prince to a seat in Parliament. H.R.H. reached Westminster shortly before 4 P.M., and was received by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge. The Princess of Wales, two of the Princesses, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were in the Gallery. The Throne was uncovered, and two chairs were placed on the left, one for the Prince of Wales, and one for the new Peer. At four o'clock, when the Lord Chancellor had taken his seat, and there were about fifty Peers present, the procession entered, headed by the Black Rod, and followed by Garter-King-at-Arms. The Royal Princes, in their Peers' robes, filed past the table to the woolsack, followed by the Earl Marshal and the Lord Great Chamberlain. The Lord Chancellor bowed, Prince Leopold retired to the table, took the oath, and signed the roll. The procession then re-formed, and again advanced up the House to the Woolsack. Here, after a brief pause, the Prince of Wales led the way to the two chairs near the Throne. In one of these Prince Leopold was formally installed, and, immediately rising, proceeded to the Woolsack, and shook hands with the Lord Chancellor. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge did the same. The whole ceremony lasted less than half an hour.

OUR NEW AMBASSADOR AT THE PORTE

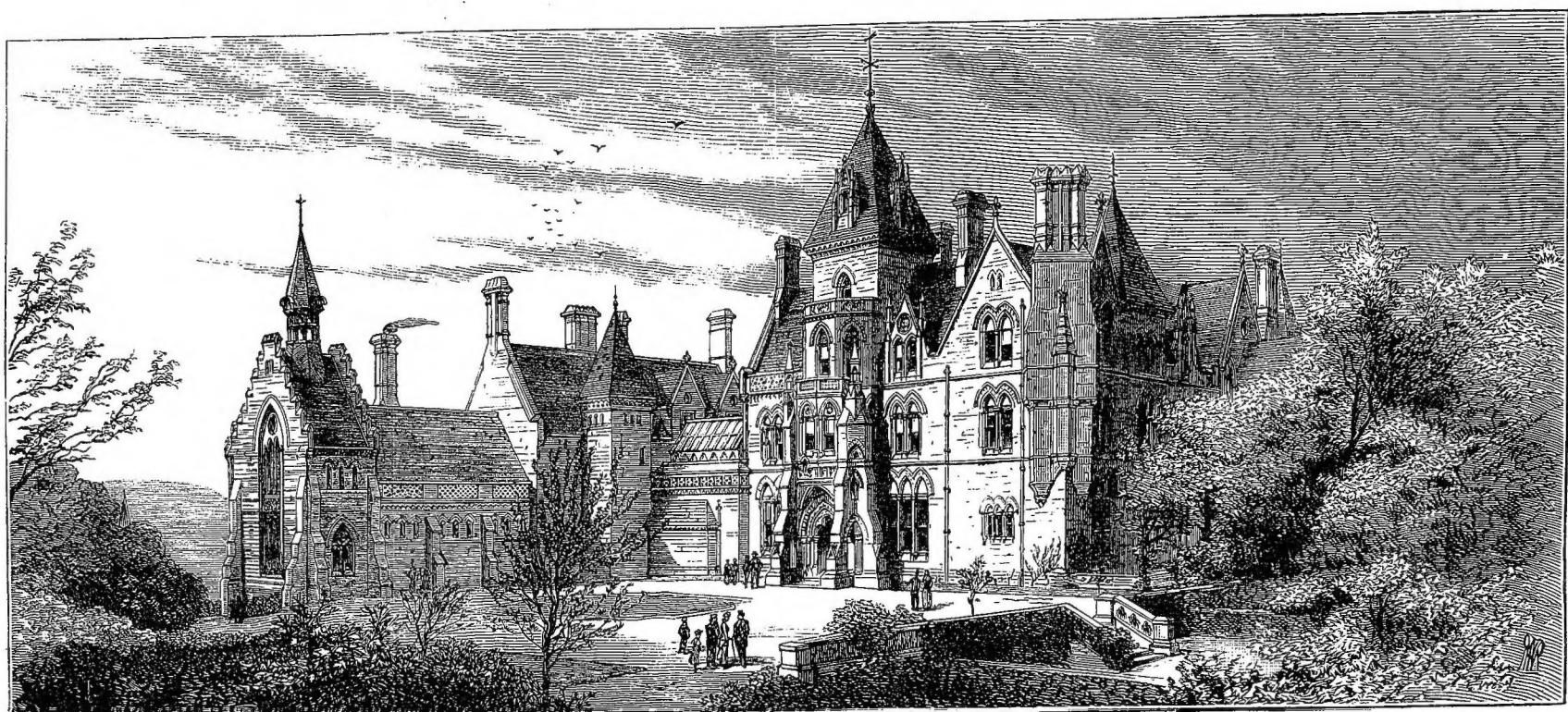
THE journey of Lord Dufferin, our new Ambassador at the Porte, was not especially eventful. Travelling overland to Venice, he embarked on board H.M.S. *Helicon*, and reached Constantinople on the 14th of June. On his way he touched on the 12th of June at Argostoli or Cephalonia, where our sketch, kindly forwarded by Mr. C. Woolley, represents H.M.S. *Alexandra* saluting the *Helicon* with nineteen guns. "This sketch," Mr. Woolley writes,

THE GRAPHIC

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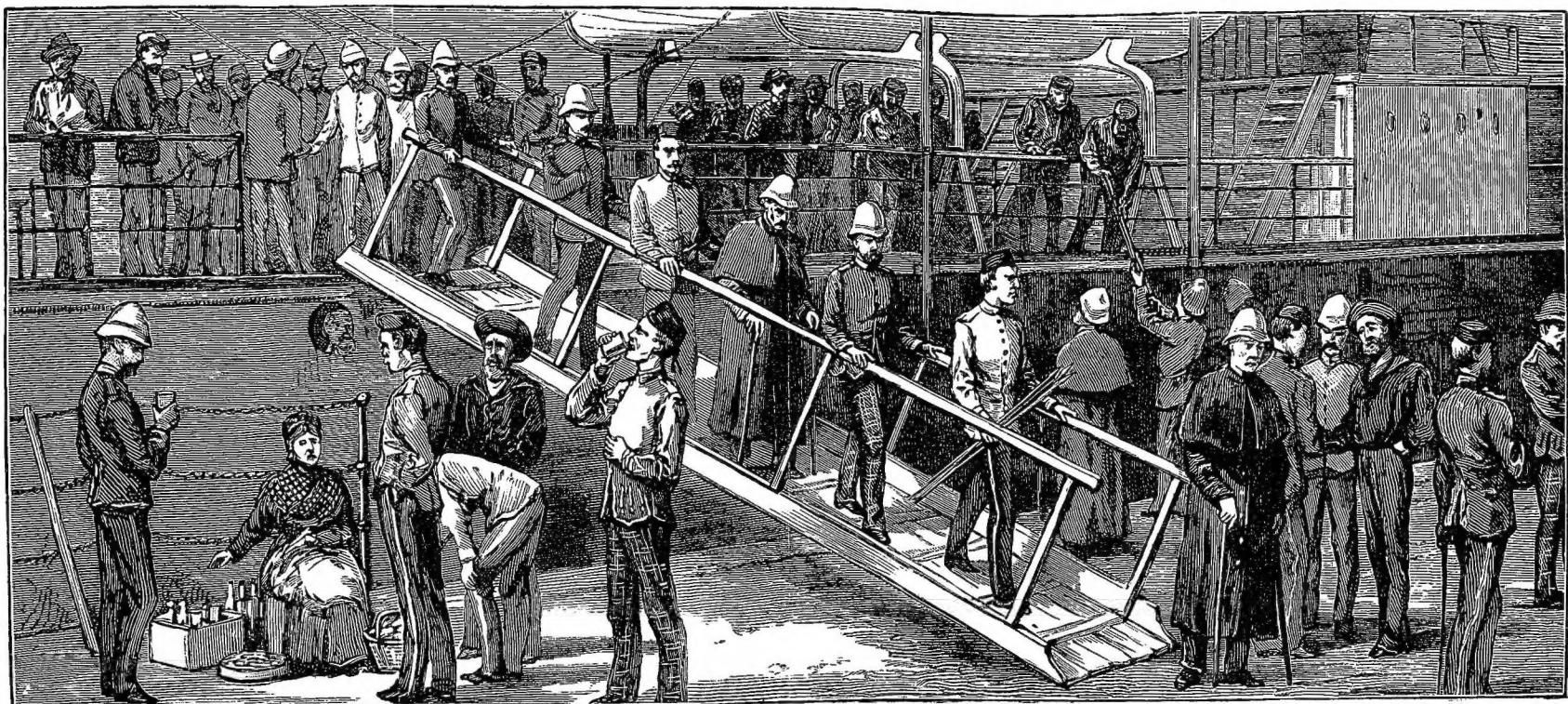
"Invincible" "Thunderer" "Temeraire" "Alexandra" "Superb" Mill "Helicon".
OUR NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE PORTE—ARRIVAL OF H.M.S. "HELICON" AT ARGOSTOLI (CEPHALONIA) WITH LORD DUFFERIN ON BOARD



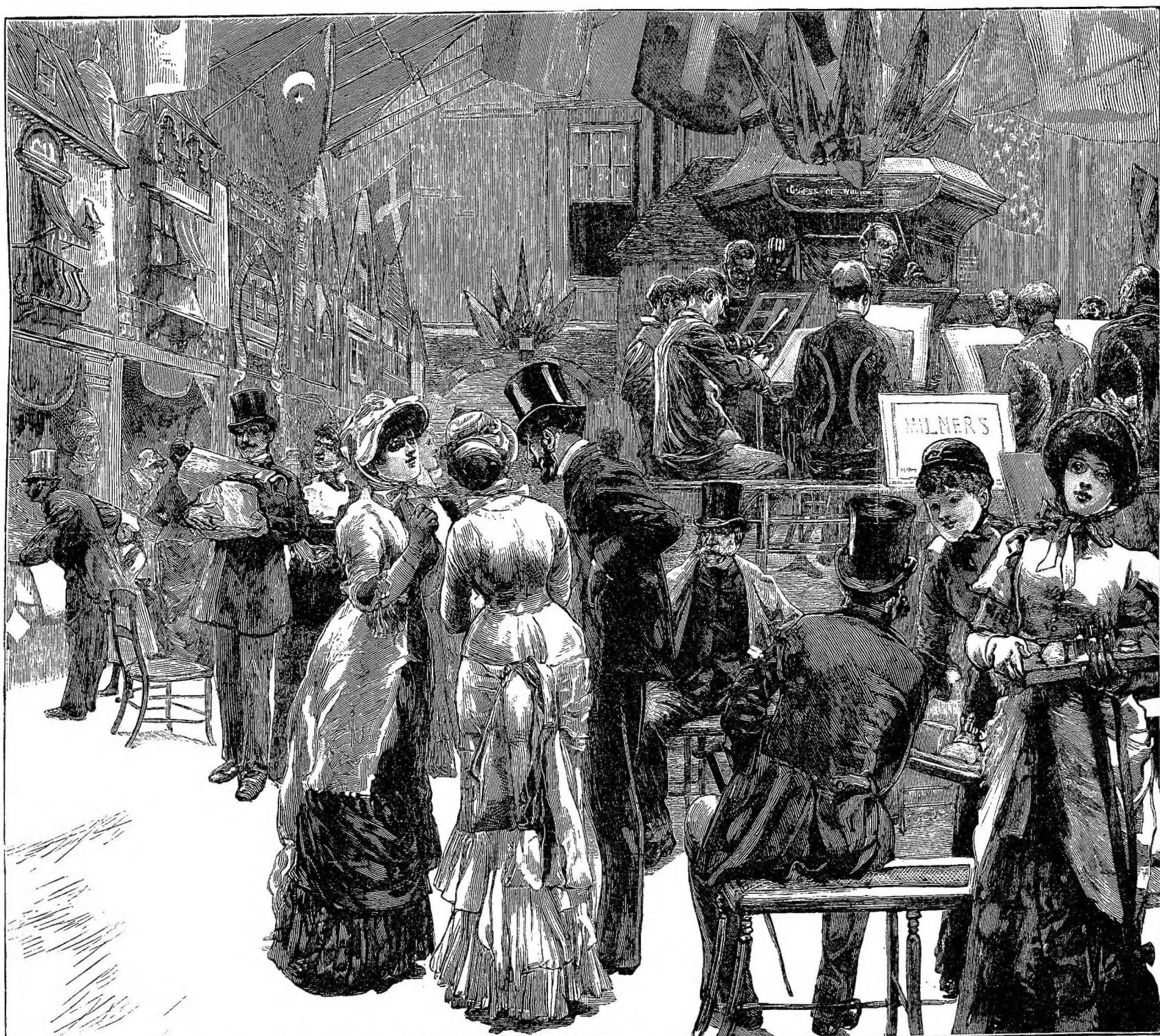
BESTWOOD LODGE, SEAT OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ST. ALBAN'S, WHERE PRINCE LEOPOLD RESIDED DURING HIS STAY



THE NEW UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OPENED ON JUNE 30
VISIT OF H.R.H. PRINCE LEOPOLD, DUKE OF ALBANY, TO NOTTINGHAM



THE LATE RISING IN THE TRANSVAAL—WOUNDED SOLDIERS FROM LAING'S NEK AND INGOGO LANDING AT PORTSMOUTH



THE INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR HELD AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE IN AID OF THE SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDS OF FOREIGNERS IN DISTRESS

THE GRAPHIC

Lists of the past and present show that the navigating duties of the Royal service have been long mainly in the hands of officers educated in this school.

The school has, however, since 1870, been under a different system of organisation. The Lords of the Admiralty, under whose charge the school falls, introduced in that year the industrial system, having been advised that in no way could a lad be trained better for a sailor than by having his physical powers developed with as much care as is usually given to his mental culture.

Under the control of the present superintendent, Commander C. Burney, R.N., C.B., a most complete system of training has been established.

The large model ship in the grounds—the exercise on which is well worth a visit to Greenwich to see—the various trade-shops and seamanship rooms, the laundry, bakery, &c., have all grown up within the last eleven years, and have proved the great things that little hands may do. The total value of the work done by the lads in their shops, &c., in the year just ending is nearly 5,000*l.*, representing not only a useful training to the boys, but a considerable saving in the working of the establishment.

The boys are all under promise of joining the sea service on the completion of their school time.

Those who come up to the high physical standard required in the Navy, join that service; the others are drafted into the Merchant Service as apprentices.

Englishmen may, we believe, take credit that in no country in the world is there a school more thoroughly fulfilling the twofold duty of rendering charity and training seamen.

Our illustrations, though by no means exhaustive, convey a fair idea of the scope and aims of this institution. The view of the school and training-ship is a sight familiar to all who have visited Greenwich. The "Steering Model" is a type of the various models used for instructing the boys in steering, rigging a ship, and similar exercises. Some of them are larger than that shown, and represent steam corvettes and vessels of a like class. Besides these models there are separate rooms, in which are taught splicing and knotting, the use of the compass, and navigation generally; and school-rooms where the three R's of ordinary education are inculcated.—"Sword Exercise" is one of the various arts in which the boys are instructed. On certain days of the week they drill *en masse*; the dumb-bell exercise, performed to the strains of the band, being especially pretty. "Fire drill" also is an interesting incident. The alarm bell is rung on the ship, when each boy "scuds" to his station, and the whole business of subduing a conflagration is gone through. In "The Laundry" are washed all the clothes of the establishment. The actual washing and wringing is done by machinery, but the ironing, mangleing, and folding are entrusted to the boys, who are under the superintendence of experienced laundresses. Rooms are set apart for darning stockings and mending generally; and also for making stockings and shoes, and for tailoring. In the sail-making school the sails are made for the large ship; and duck-clothing, in which all work is done, is manufactured. In "The Bakery" loaves and rolls are made for the whole establishment. On a Saturday as many as 1,600 loaves are prepared, a supply which lasts till Monday. The Gymnasium is under the control of a master. Here various exercises are performed, and entertainments, both musical and dramatic, are held. Only half of the Dining or "Alexandra Hall" is shown in our picture. The cans at the end of each table are double, the top one containing soup, the bottom, meat. The spoons and bowls are arranged in racks on both sides of the hall, which accommodates about a thousand boys. There is an organ, to the accompaniment of which grace is sung; everything being done by bugle signal. In "The Smithy" wood-turning is carried on, with other arts. Here dumb-bells are made, and all the ironwork of the establishment is mended, and a great deal manufactured. There is likewise a gasfitter's shop.

WHO KILLED THE TIGER?

THE verses underneath the sketches sufficiently explain this series of engravings.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

ON May 22 the Roumanians achieved the object for which they had so long been striving, their Prince was crowned King, and their Government elevated from the status of a petty Principality to that of a recognised and independent Monarchy. King Charles certainly deserves his new rank, for it is mainly to his judicious rule that the Moldo-Wallachian provinces have gained their independence, and attained their present prosperity. When the Revolution of 1866 dethroned Prince Couza, and the Count of Flanders refused the proffered Hospodary, Prince Charles, of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, was elected to the Prinedom by a *plebiscite*, and certainly the Roumanians have had every reason since to congratulate themselves upon their choice. Prince Charles has governed constitutionally, yet firmly. There have been no *coup d'état*, but he has known how to make the law respected, while, like a true Hohenzollern, he has devoted especial attention to the army, and the result of his labours became apparent in the gallant behaviour of the Roumanian troops on the battle-field of Plevena. From that time it became manifest that Roumania deserved her complete independence, and this was speedily accorded to her by the Berlin Congress of 1878, which freed the Principality from the last vestiges of Turkish thraldom. Still Roumania was not contented, and as her territory is four times the size of Belgium, and her army is twice as strong as that of King Leopold she felt that she had a right to rank as an equal with the smaller Powers of Europe. Thus last year the Prince made a tour round the European Courts to sound them on the subject of his proclamation as King, and found that no substantial objection would be offered to the step. Accordingly in March the Roumanian Legislature decided to proclaim Roumania a Monarchy, and on May 22 Prince Charles and his wife were crowned King and Queen with great ceremony, the new Sovereign's crown being made of steel cast from the guns taken from the Turks at Plevena.

King Charles is now forty-two years of age, having been born on April 20th, 1839. In 1869 he married the Princess Pauline Elizabeth Otilie Louise, the daughter of the late Prince Herman of Wied. Both the King and Queen are personally popular with their new subjects, by whom, indeed, the latter is greatly beloved. She spares no pains to ingratiate herself with the Roumanians, and always makes it a rule to appear on the *fête* day of the country (the Moschi, or Festival of Ancestors) in the national Roumanian costume, while she has been even known to get out of her carriage and join with a group of peasants in a national dance.—Our portraits are from photographs by F. Duschek, Bucharest.

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

OUR engraving shows the base of Cleopatra's Needle on the Victoria Embankment as it will appear some two months hence, with the two bronze Sphinxes and the corner pieces attached. These Sphinxes, which were cast on March 19th at the Eccleston Iron Works, Pimlico, have been executed by Mr. C. H. Mabey, and when completed will be placed at the base of the Needle in line with the Embankment, one looking towards Westminster, and the other towards the City. Each Sphinx will be 19 ft. long by 6 ft. wide, and 9 ft. high over all, and will weigh about seven tons. The four wings, one of which is to be placed at each of the angles of the Obelisk where it rests on the masonry base, are also cast in bronze, as well as the four filling pieces between the wings. Each

of the filling pieces represents the cartouche of Thothmes III., the insignia being the sun, a draughtboard, and a beetle.

INFANTRY AND THE SPADE

In old days, before arms of precision were invented, opposing forces usually came to pretty close quarters before any serious execution was done. The long distances to which modern arms, both great and small, are able to carry their shot, and the accuracy of aim of which they are capable, have completely revolutionised military tactics. The great object now for an army advancing towards an enemy is to obtain cover; without which, it is liable to annihilation. How is this cover to be obtained? Armour is impracticable, for, if strong enough to withstand bullets, it is too heavy to be worn by men on the march. Trees and bushes afford natural cover, but they are not always to be found. The most trustworthy cover is that which a soldier makes for himself by means of a spade which he carries with him. The practical experience of the American Civil War, of the Franco-German War, and of the Russo-Turkish War have amply proved this fact, and now on the Continent the spade is regarded as much a part of military equipment as the musket. Hitherto, we have neglected this vital method of protection, but the losses we have undergone at the hands of those skilful marksmen the Boers have at last opened the eyes of our military authorities, and before long they will doubtless provide our infantry with practical intrenching implements. Our illustrations show forcibly what the spade can do in the way of providing efficient cover.

SKETCHES IN NORWAY

THE salmon stool is a stage of fir poles, on which the fisherman watches for passing salmon; the instant they appear in the net he hauls up his ropes, and secures them beyond chance of escape.—Work being over, Bill used to execute various lively airs on his fiddle.—On the islands near Christiania there are some charming modern villas, each provided with a neat bathing-house and boats.—The fisher folk near Bergen dress in dark-blue homespun, wearing a cap of the same, with red piping.—A kjerre is a humble description of carriage used by farmers. The pony will go at a good pace, and will stand a capsizing with wonderful coolness.—The hair of this girl from Steegen is made into a sort of pigtail, with red worsted wound round it, and red tassels at the end. It is then lightly coiled round the head.—The head-dress of starched linen in the Hardanger Fjord is most elaborate.—On approaching the coast of Norway the skipper must be particular about the ship's reckoning, otherwise he has a fair chance of losing his way among the countless islands and rocks.—These boats are of deal, and are swiftly rowed, both by men and women. They arrive at Bergen by hundreds on market-days.—The farm-houses are of wood, on a foundation of masonry; they are warm in winter, and are clean and comfortable.—The jetzt is said to be a *fac simile* of the vessels used by the Vikings 1200 years ago. Their owners adhere to the old single lug-sail and enormous stem-head. They bring fish and firewood from remote parts to Bergen, taking back stores.—It is difficult to find suitable places for anchorage in the fiords, on account of the great depth of water. When found, however, the yachtsman is amply repaid for his exertions by the grand scenery which surrounds him.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. Henry Burrowes, 2, Den Place, Teignmouth.

"PUSSY AND I"

THIS engraving, which is from a picture by Rudolph Epp, forms the Frontispiece to Vol. XXIII. The subject, though simple and commonplace enough, is attractively treated. Cats are difficult animals to paint, and this cat is especially good. He is not so easy in his mind as is his chubby mistress. Something has alarmed him, and he would fain escape from her loving embrace.

COCKRAN'S FARM, NEAR NEWCASTLE

WHEN the armistice between Sir Evelyn Wood and the Boers was concluded, a Royal Commission was appointed, under the presidency of Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, to confer with the Boer leaders respecting the definitive terms of peace. The first meeting between the Royal Commissioners and the Boers took place at Newcastle, where Sir Hercules Robinson arrived on May 10. At the end of the month, however, the conclave was adjourned to Pretoria, where the deliberations, which are kept strictly private, are now being carried on.—Our sketch represents Cockran's Farm, near Newcastle, which was the residence of Sir Hercules Robinson during his stay there.

THE SIEGE OF LYDENBURG

MANY acts of heroism have been told of the various little garrisons which so successfully defended the outlying forts in the Transvaal during the recent rising, but we doubt if there was any more worthy of record than the defence of Fort Marie, Lydenburg, by Lieutenant Long, of the 94th Foot. With a garrison of forty-seven men of his regiment and a few volunteers, he held his own against a force of some 300 to 600 Boers for eighty-four days, despite many hardships and privations and a vigorous and continuous bombardment—ninety-four shots being sometimes fired into the fort in the course of a day. On December 6th, last year, Lieutenant-Colonel Anstruther quitted Lydenburg for Pretoria. He left Lieutenant Long in charge of the fort, and that young officer at once began to look to his defences, and put what fortifications he could command into order. A month afterwards a Boer messenger appeared at the fort and summoned its commander to surrender all the arms and ammunition—a request which was at once refused, and then the Boers set themselves regularly to besiege the little stronghold. In a few days they placed a 5 and a 7-pounder in position, and poured in a heavy bombardment, but finding this of no avail shot from a strong bow arrow-headed missiles filled with Greek fire in order to burn the thatched huts. The Commissariat hut ignited, and the garrison were then compelled to unroof the huts and remove the stores to a safer place under a heavy fire of musketry. Towards the middle of March Mr. Aylward appeared on the scene, and, bearing the news of the death of Sir George Colley, attempted in vain to induce Lieutenant Long to surrender. Declining any terms, that officer and his men worked cheerily throughout, the chief hardship being a temporary failing of the water supply, which reduced the rations to half-a-pint per man a day. The well was deepened, however, and the supply replenished. At last, on March 30th, an officer of the 60th Rifles arrived before the Fort with the welcome news of the conclusion of the armistice. Colonel Bellairs, the Commander of the Transvaal district, has especially mentioned in his orders the gallant defence of the fort at Lydenburg by Lieutenant Long and his brave little garrison, "made for so long a period against such a determined foe many times their own number, and under circumstances of much privation and difficulty." He also thanked Mrs. Long, who was the only lady in the Fort, for the "cool courageous example she set and the assistance she gave during such a terrible time of trial." We may mention that Lieutenant Long, who is only twenty-two years of age, is a son of the late Mr. Walter Long, M.P., and Lady Bissopp, widow of the late Sir Cecil Bissopp, Bart. He is also the nephew of Admiral Hillyar, C.B. Only three men were killed throughout the siege, Lieutenant Long, however, being wounded in the arm.

THE GRAND MILITARY TOURNAMENT

THE exhibition of military skill and exercises which was held last year at the Agricultural Hall, for the benefit of the Royal

Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows, proved so successful, that it has been repeated this season, and has been abundantly patronised by all classes, from Royalty to commonalty, genuine seats of skill being always attractive. The exhibition closes this (Saturday) evening.

Our artist adds: "The sight is worth seeing. Mr. John Rafferty (managing director) deserves the thanks of the Press for his kind attention; and last, but not least, the Press seats are the best arranged it has ever been my fortune to see. If only done as well everywhere as at the Tournament, we should be better able to do our work."

Our illustrations show the character of the entertainment provided, comprising tent-peggng; tilting at the ring; sword against sword, lance against lance, and sword against bayonet; horizontal and parallel bars; cleaving the Turk's head; lemon-cutting; ambulance drill; vaulting horse and tug of war.

NOTE.—In our article last week on a Cruise in the Mediterranean the line of steamers mentioned should have been the "Cunard" and not the P. and O.



TRAGEDY ON THE BRIGHTON LINE.—The details of the crime committed on the Brighton Railway on Monday recall with painful vividness the murder of Mr. Briggs on the North London line, seventeen years ago. On the arrival at the Preston Park Station of the 2.0 P.M. express train from London Bridge on Monday a ticket collector found a man alone in a first-class carriage, with a wound on his head, and covered from head to foot with blood. He said his name was Arthur Lefroy, of Wallington, and stated that when the train started there were two passengers in the compartment with him, one an old gentleman, and the other seemingly a countryman. After leaving Croydon, according to his story, a shot was fired, and he received a blow on the head which stunned him; and when he came to himself his fellow-passengers were gone. This narrative was given at the railway station and at the police station; after having his wounds dressed, Lefroy, accompanied by two detectives, went home. In the evening, however, the dead body of a gentleman, named Gold, a corn-dealer, sixty-three years of age, was found lying in the six-foot way in Balcombe Tunnel, about eighteen miles from Brighton. The body had been stabbed in several places. It was known that Mr. Gold, on leaving London, had a considerable sum of money in his possession. On the discovery of Mr. Gold's body the police (who had seen Lefroy safely home) went to Lefroy's house to watch him, but when they got there it was found he had fled. It is suspected that the "countryman" is a myth, for police advertisements are now abroad, wanting Arthur Mapleton, *alias* Lefroy, on the charge of murder. On the arrival of the train at Preston the guard noticed part of a gold watch projecting from the boot worn by Lefroy, and called attention to it. The affair has naturally caused great excitement at Brighton. The Coroner for East Sussex opened an inquiry on Wednesday into the cause of Mr. Gold's death, when numerous witnesses were examined. The inquest stands adjourned until to-day (Saturday).

STATE OF IRELAND.—The funds for the Land League from the other side of the Atlantic begin to flow more slowly as the true state of affairs in Ireland becomes better understood. The Irish peasant, too, who is chiefly benefited by the anti-rent movement, is not showing that readiness to come forward with money to support the agitators that might be expected of him. Altogether the symptoms of the week are of a more cheering nature. Fewer outrages are reported, fewer arrests, and less of the froth of demagogues to which we have been so long accustomed. Mutilation of cattle is still reported, and the bullying of an outlying farmer here and there, but on the whole things are more quiet. When carmen now decline to let the police have their vehicles on fair terms the police jump upon the cars, and drive off to the farms and serve their writs, despite the protests of the recalcitrant carmen. The trial of Walter Phelan for the murder of Mr. Charles Boyd at New Ross is proceeding. A proclamation has been issued forbidding assemblies for the purpose of interfering with the execution of writs by sheriff's in various parts of the country. It is said that the Land League is gaining strength in Ulster.—A process-server, named Macauliffe, was shot dead on Tuesday evening, near Castle Island, while on his way home. Two men have been arrested.

GOVERNORSHIP OF MADRAS.—Mr. Grant Duff, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has accepted the Governorship of Madras, vacant by the death of Mr. Adam. On Mr. Duff's appointment Mr. Craig Scollar (who is the author of the article on the late Mr. Adam in the current number of *Fraser's Magazine*) offered himself as a candidate in the Liberal interest for the Elgin Boroughs. In the address which he has issued he attributes the troubles of the present Government to the legacy of troubles derived from its predecessor. It is said that Mr. Evelyn Ashley may succeed to the Under-Secretaryship made vacant by Mr. Grant Duff's new appointment.

BEACONSFIELD MEMORIAL.—The Prince of Wales has subscribed 100 guineas towards the National Memorial to the Earl of Beaconsfield.

THE DOMESTIC ECONOMY CONGRESS.—The closing meeting was presided over by the Countess of Derby. It was decided to hold another Congress, with similar aims, in 1882, when it is intended to submit for approval a plan for founding a national institution, with local branches throughout the country. The Princess Christian continues at the head of the movement.

LITERATURE AT THE MANSION HOUSE.—Last Saturday evening the Lord Mayor entertained the representatives of literature and journalism in the Egyptian Hall. Excellent speeches were delivered by the Earl of Lytton, Mr. William Black, Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., Viscount Sherbrooke, and others.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—A new experiment was tried with the electric light on Monday evening in the House of Commons. The only gas lights actually burning within the House are those under the galleries on the floor. The heat from them has generally been found oppressive. These were replaced by the Swan electric light, whilst the body of the House was illuminated by the ordinary gas lights. The experiment gave satisfaction.

PROPOSED NEW PUBLIC PARK.—A meeting was held on Monday, presided over by Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower, in favour of the movement to obtain a new public park in the neighbourhood of Paddington. The population about Paddington is very dense, and too far removed to obtain benefit from Regent's Park. The amount required would be 300,000*l.*—towards which about 20,000*l.* has been promised.

THE COMET.—The comet, recently observed in South America and at the Cape, has been during the past week clearly visible in the northern sky. The unwonted visitor has naturally excited general attention. Although brilliant, its tail is estimated to measure only a few hundred thousand miles in length, while the tail of the great comet of 1843 extended through a length of two hundred million miles. The present will be known to posterity as "Comet B, 1881."

OBITUARY.—Mr. Edmond Beales, County Court judge, died at his residence, Osborne House, Bolton Gardens, last Sunday. He was born on July 3, 1803. He was President of the Reform League from 1865 to 1869, and was appointed a County Court judge in 1870. It will be remembered that the Hyde Park Riots, during which the mob pulled down the railings, occurred during his Presidency of the Reform League.

A VENERABLE PATIENT.—A woman, aged ninety-three, was admitted last week to the Fulham Hospital suffering from small-pox. It is satisfactory to hear that the venerable patient, despite her years, is doing well.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.—The jubilee conference of those interested in the temperance movement was held on Tuesday in Exeter Hall. Alderman Fowler, M.P., presided at the morning sitting. Various papers giving details of the working of the different societies were read. The Church of England Temperance Society has more than 300,000 enrolled members, and upwards of 200,000 persons have joined the Roman Catholic League of the Cross as pledged abstainers, while the Congregational and other associations have made steady progress. Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., addressed the Conference at the evening sitting.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.—Lord Eustace Cecil, M.P., presided at the first annual meeting of the Essex Industrial School at Chelmsford on Tuesday. He said he considered that one important cause of the commercial and agricultural distress through which the country was passing might be owing to the absence of general agricultural education. America and continental countries were, he considered, far ahead of us in this respect. By adopting the same methods, a general improvement might be looked for in this country.

WOMEN'S EMIGRATION SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society, the object of which is to facilitate the emigration of Englishwomen of all classes, was held on Tuesday afternoon at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, the Earl of Shaftesbury in the chair. The Duchess of Teck was present. The meeting was addressed by Lord Shaftesbury, Sir Alexander Galt, the Bishop of Gibraltar, Mr. Thomas Hughes, &c.



The curious uncertainty of the currents which underlie and sometimes control the course of business in the House of Commons was illustrated afresh on Monday. Since the Land Bill went into Committee the course adopted by the Irish members has been eccentric, and sometimes bewildering. Mr. Parnell's natural disposition was at the outset checked by the reception of the Bill in Ireland. The honest tenant-farmer, and all the classes connected with him, hailed it as a great boon, and were chiefly desirous that it should pass as quickly as possible. This very circumstance made it undesirable, from a Land League point of view. If the causes for disaffection were removed an organisation which had grown up on disaffection, and which lives by disaffection, must surely die. Mr. Parnell has on several occasions made efforts to break out from the half-friendly attitude he has been obliged to preserve towards the Bill. Sometimes, as on Friday in last week, when the Government, listening to the arguments from the Conservative Opposition, have introduced amendments pleasing to the landlord, Mr. Parnell has denounced the Bill as a delusion and a snare. It has been thought that this denunciation will be followed by a renewal of Obstruction. But, somehow or other, the danger has been averted, and matters have gone on as they did before.

On Monday it appeared as if the Parnellites had made up their minds to dare such public opinion as Ireland can muster, and enter boldly upon a course of Obstruction. There was a large muster of the clan, and as soon as questions came on they began to display a familiar restlessness. As usual, they had more than a moiety of the questions on the paper—truculent tirades against various people, but chiefly directed against Mr. Forster. Mr. Timothy Sullivan opened the campaign by wanting to know why of two Mullingar men one had been released from prison, and the other detained in custody? Mr. Forster's answer was followed by a succession of questions which more or less agreeably varied the monotony of the hour. Then Mr. Arthur O'Connor proposed to have a row with the Secretary of State for War, because the authorities of the Curragh Camp, having had their custom refused at a critical moment by certain carmen, withdrew the privilege of approach to the Camp by a private road. Thirdly, Mr. O'Donnell, finding the geographical area of Ireland too small for his complaint, did the telegraph clerks the great injury of advocating their cause, violently persisting in demanding from Lord Frederick Cavendish an answer already given.

But the great and most successful display of Irish anxiety to see the Land Bill passed arose on a question of the grounds for the proclamation of the city of Waterford. Mr. Richard Power, a gentleman who manages to combine fealty to Mr. Parnell with good temper and habits of courtesy, asked the question, and received his answer. Whereupon the irresistible Mr. O'Donnell, appearing here also, moved the adjournment of the House, and an opening being thus made all the Irish members who had determined to make a speech on something or other in obstruction of public business delivered themselves on this particular point. It might have come off on Mr. Sullivan's question. It was very nearly happening on Mr. Arthur O'Connor's. But Mr. Richard Power being more widely popular, it was decided that the honour should be done to him, and on his question speeches were made for upwards of an hour, and a division taken, which showed twenty-eight members willing to associate themselves with Mr. O'Donnell in this kind of Parliamentary warfare.

Dr. Cameron must have watched these proceedings with considerable vexation, for, as presently appeared, he had come down prepared to move the adjournment on his own account. He has views with respect to grappling with the small-pox epidemic which are not shared by the Local Government Board. He had, to do him justice, taken the ordinary means open to private members to endeavour to bring the question before the House. But failing at the ballot box, and by the evil example of Irish members daily before him, he determined that he would forestall all other private members, and disturb the arrangements of the evening by moving the adjournment at question time. The earlier outbreak on the part of the Irish members was peculiarly disconcerting. It aggravated the House in advance, and when Dr. Cameron rose, and with faltering accents announced his intention, he was met with such a roar of contumely as could not have been exceeded in intensity if hon. members had been re-vaccinated *en bloc*, and had "taken badly." If Dr. Cameron had boldly gone on he might have quelled the tumult. The wise rules of the House of Commons place the nightly assembly absolutely at the mercy of any man who is capable of facing its indignation. There is nothing to prevent twenty members moving in succession the adjournment of the House, and so preventing any business being done at a particular sitting. Dr. Cameron was only the second in this amiable enterprise. But, not having the full measure of Irish courage, which consists in being able totally to disregard the opinion of the House, he hesitated and was lost. Mr. Tom Collins adroitly raised a point of order, before which Dr. Cameron gratefully retired, faintly announcing his bold intention of "doing it again" at some future time.

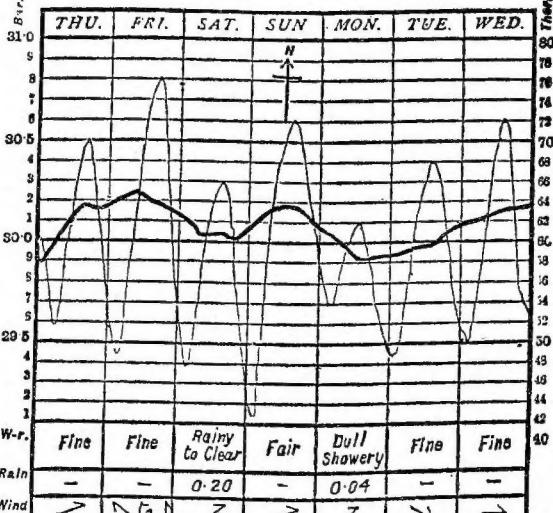
These preliminary proceedings occupied the first hour and a-half of the sitting; after which the House got into Committee on the Land Bill. It took up the measure on Clause IV., to which it had already devoted a considerable portion of Thursday's sitting. So much of the clause had been disposed of that it seemed reasonable to look for its last lines being reached by the dinner hour. But the evidence of malign activity displayed by the Irish members at question time was renewed in Committee. In earlier weeks Mr. Healy has amused the House by his grotesque imitation of the rôle of mediator. To watch him rise, and with grave manner and courtly accent entreat "his hon. friend," Mr. Biggar, to consider the general opinion of the Committee, and refrain from pushing his amendment to the bitter end, has been one of the few amusing incidents of the debate. But on Monday night Mr. Healy was not to be tempted into further repetition of this highly popular character. Mr. Biggar, whom two Parliaments have not tamed, and who remains the most relentless enemy of all that is Saxon, had his full sway. Mr. Parnell, who has been greatly distinguished by his absence from the hard work of moulding a Bill designed for the welfare of Ireland, spent more hours in Committee in a single night than he had done through the dozen that preceded it. And his trained band loyally persisted to do honour to his unwonted presence.

It was only towards midnight that controversy left this groove of physical obstruction, and was lifted by an amendment of Mr. Brodrick into the region of argument. Mr. Brodrick desired to amend the Bill in the direction of casting upon the tenant farmer the chief charge of erecting cottagers' tenements. This was supported by the full strength of the Conservative Opposition, and showed again, as has been frequently demonstrated in trials of strength on what may be called pure landlord and tenant principles, that the Government, as advocates of the latter, had a majority of a clear hundred.

On Tuesday the Fifth Clause was taken up at the morning sitting, but was not disposed of when progress was reported. On Wednesday the Bill was again taken into consideration under cover of a resolution, carried practically without dissent, by which all the available time of the House is to be devoted to the Land Bill till it shall have finally left the Commons. The progress on Wednesday was not in advance of what has been achieved on earlier days, and the close of the week finds the Committee still entangled in the intricate meshes of the Seventh Clause.

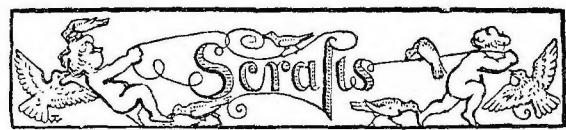
CITY CHURCHES AND CHURCHYARDS.—If the interesting return, recently published in the *St. James's Gazette*, is to be believed (and we see no ground for disbelieving it), there are urgent reasons why many of the all but empty, but none the less expensive, City Churches, should be closed, and their revenues employed in enriching some of the new and very poor and very populous parishes outside the civic boundary. The bare proposal to close or remove any of these edifices has produced a perfect storm of more or less angry and unreasonable protest. This, perhaps, was to be expected, but it cannot alter the facts of the case; and all sensible people will be agreed on the desirability of at once instituting a much-needed reform, which, whether liked or not, will certainly come sooner or later. But if it has become necessary to close or abolish some of the City Churches, the churchyards, or what remain of them, should be treated as "open spaces," and strenuously defended from the too-affectionate grasp of the builders. Many of these quaint nooks and quiet corners nestling here and there with their bright flowers, fresh cool grass, or pleasant trees, are already well cared for—thanks, in a great measure, to the City Church and Churchyard Protection Society; but a great many of them are shamefully neglected, and abused in a spirit which seems peculiar to our enlightened civilisation, and which certainly would never be tolerated in any other age or country. In a report just issued by the Society mentioned, we read of a churchyard which is made the resting-place of broken bottles, pots, old boots, baskets, and dead cats; of another in which the stones have been laid flat, converting it into a paved yard, where an unfortunate dog, with a barrel for his kennel, wanders hopelessly from morn till dewy eve; of a third, in which lie heaps of earth, stones, and rubbish; and which, when some sewage works were in progress, was used as a repository for tools and tackle; of another, where the Clydesdale Iron Company, who ought to know better, throw their rubbish behind the tower, and another firm stores its ironwork, and where several broken gravestones are lying under a heap of castings and bars; and of yet another which is used by the churchwarden (*l.t.*) to deposit ladders and barrows, and "to mix mortar in." "He has also," adds the report, "used the steeple for a storehouse." This, no doubt, is a practical age; but there can be no excuse for such wanton desecration as that disclosed by the report. We venture to suggest to the well-meaning people who protest so loudly against the appropriation of the incomes of some of the City churches to more beneficent uses in the churches of the suburbs, that they might be more reasonably employed in resisting the callous vandalism which apparently flourishes within a mile of the Mansion House.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK JUNE 23 TO JUNE 29 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the week now under notice has been somewhat changeable—beautifully fine and bright in many cases, dull, gloomy, and wet in others—but, on the whole, seasonal and fair. The week commenced with temperature varying from about 50° at the coldest part of the day to between 70° and 75° at the warmest, but after Friday (24th ult.) a sudden change occurred, and, owing to the prevalence of cloud, the thermometer did not rise above 65° on Saturday (25th ult.) and 62° on Monday (27th ult.). After Monday matters improved, and on Wednesday (29th ult.) the maximum heat recorded was 72° in the shade. Wind was chiefly south-westerly to westerly, light to moderate in force. The barometer was highest (30°35 inches) on Friday (24th ult.) and (30°37 inches) on Wednesday (29th ult.); lowest (29°92 inches) on Monday (27th ult.); range, 0°45 inches. Temperature in the shade was highest (76°) on Friday (24th ult.); lowest (43°) on Sunday (26th ult.); range, 33°. Rain fell on two days. The total fall was 0°24 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0°20 inches, on Saturday (25th ult.).



THE "KROUMIR" BONNET has appeared in Paris. It is large, and of a fiery hue.

TWO BISONS from North America were lately imported to Bombay, but died in a few weeks, being unable to endure a tropical climate.

KANT'S OWN COPY OF HIS "CRITIQUE OF PURE REASON" is to be sold this week in New York. It is covered with marginal notes in Kant's handwriting.

JAPANESE NONAGENARIANS are to be minutely catechised respecting their early life and habits by the Government authorities, who intend to combine the information thus collected in a practical treatise on hygiene.

AN INTERESTING TESTIMONIAL TO MRS. HAYES for her maintenance of temperance principles during the period of her husband's Presidency has been presented by the women of Illinois. It consists of six volumes of autographs and prose, verse, and pencil sketches from politicians, authors, artists, poets, and officials of all kinds.

LONDON MORTALITY declined last week, and 1,399 deaths were registered against 1,403 during the previous seven days, a decrease of 104, being 7 below the average, and at the rate of 19°1 per 1,000. There were 88 deaths from small-pox, an increase of 6, and the number of small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals on Saturday last was 1,578. There were 2,504 births registered, against 2,480 during the previous week, exceeding the average by 24. The mean temperature of the air was 60°6, and 0°5 below the average.

A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.—The Vicar and churchwardens of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, most sincerely thank those readers of *The Graphic* who kindly sent them contributions towards providing "A Day in the Country" for the school children last year, and trust that similar assistance will be afforded to them this season. There are 700 children to be provided for; and the district is very poor. Donations will be thankfully received by the churchwardens, Mr. John Shaw, 69, Royal Mint Street, Whitechapel, and Mr. Edward Olley, 11, High Street, Whitechapel.

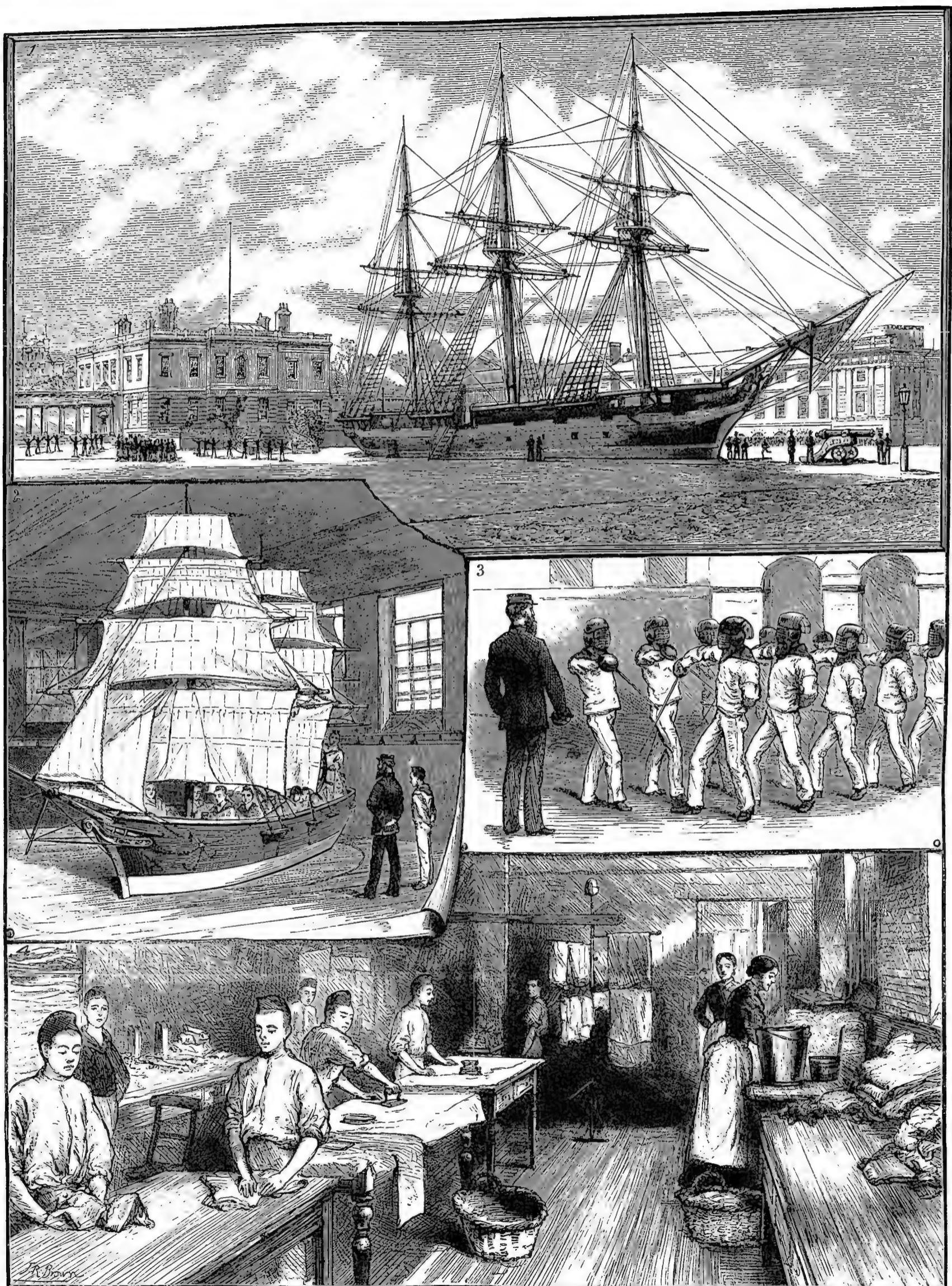
PROPHETIES OF THE END OF THE WORLD IN 1881 are certainly not confined to our own Mother Shipton. An Italian fourteenth-century writer, Leonard Aretino, in his "Aquila Volante," according to some Italian journals, fixes the beginning of the end for November 15th next. The destruction of the world will occur fifteen days. Transatlantic predictions of the same character are equally plentiful, and have been so generally credited that in Carleton County, Canada, many farmers have neglected to sow seeds or to work at all, believing that the end of the world would come on June 19.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S FAMOUS DOG has again got his master into trouble, according to the Brussels *National*. Recently the Chancellor, when going out and not able to take his dog with him, stuck his cane into the ground of his garden, and bade the animal stay there. Soon after up came one of the private detectives who watch over the Prince's residence, and wishing to pass he tried to persuade the dog to go indoors. The creature growled and showed its teeth, and was immovable. Presently the Prince returned, and the dog, freed from its watch, sprang upon the detective, and tore his clothes almost to atoms. Prince Bismarck could only make his fierce protector lose hold by thrashing him soundly, and had to pay the detective 2*l.* for damages.

THE ASHANTEE GOLD AXE which has just been brought to England is regarded in its native land as an object of the highest reverence, and even took precedence of the Royal stool during ceremonial processions at Coomassie. It was kept for safety in the "Bantamah" on the right of the Royal stool, and the King was very unwilling to part with this heirloom, fearing that he would thus lose prestige among the neighbouring tribes. Ultimately he consented on condition that the axe should be sent to Queen Victoria. The axe is covered with leopard skin as a symbol of courage, the Ashantees considering leopards as the most courageous of all beasts, while the gold on it signifies wealth. Thus the axe symbolised that the Ashantees possessed the highest courage, and owned unlimited wealth to support their wars. The origin of the axe is very obscure owing to its great age, but the weapon is believed to have been used as a battleaxe in war by a former king at a remote period before the introduction of guns or gunpowder.

THE COMING ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION IN PARIS next month promises to be of the highest interest. A novel signalling apparatus will be shown in the German section, invented by a Teutonic railway official at Elberfeld, which is intended to dispense with intermediate block stations, and to allow shorter distances between trains than at present. This "electro-automatic block station telegraph" is so constructed as to register simultaneously by wheel pressure at two stations the passage of a train at a point equidistant from each, and has already been found to work well. Mr. Edison will occupy an enormous space, his contributions being divided into ninety groups, and some of these containing several objects. One of his newest exhibits will be an ingenious machine for extracting iron from the black sand of Long Island, whereby one machine, managed by a boy, can separate daily twenty tons of pure ore, costing 4*s.* per ton, and selling for 1*l.* 4*s.* per ton. Returning to electricity proper, the *American Architect* tells us that the gas in several cities of Massachusetts is now lighted by electric currents, to the immense saving of time and expense. The plan will probably be tried in Boston.

THE METEOROLOGICAL STATION ON BEN NEVIS has now been in existence for a month, having been opened on June 1st, and works remarkably well. No permanent observatory has been erected, but the set of instruments have been placed upon suitable stands at the summit, and are protected by a stone screen. These instruments are complete with the exception of an anemometer. Every day Mr. Wragge, observer for the Scottish Meteorological Society, starts from his home at Fort William, at the foot of the mountain, at 5 A.M., and after remaining an hour on the summit to take the bulletin, gets home again by 2 P.M. Talking of meteorological matters, the *Montreal Daily Witness* describes the method of recording the weather indications at the Washington Signal Service Bureau. The observations are received four times daily, and—to take the 4 P.M. bulletin—as that hour draws near telegrams pour in from all parts of the New World. The despatches are at once called out to six clerks, each of whom sits before the map, one noting the thermometer, a second the barometer, a third the condition of the weather, &c. These are transferred to one large map, and handed over to the gentleman, nicknamed "Old Probabilities," whose business it is to issue the forecasts. He glances over all, sees where a storm was at 1 A.M. and also at 3 P.M., takes into consideration the wind currents and the various details he has learnt by experience, remains in a brown study for a few minutes, and then dictates the weather forecasts for the different States. Various sections of the country are warned of floods and informed of the condition of rivers, reports of weather are sent to the Southern States during cotton-picking time, signals prophesying clear or bad weather being displayed from the local telegraph stations, and it is now proposed to furnish the agricultural sections with indications for harvest time, so that the farmers may know when to cut and carry their grain.



1. View of the School and Training Ship.—2. The Steering Model.—3. Sword Exercise.—4. The Laundry.

THE ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOLS, GREENWICH



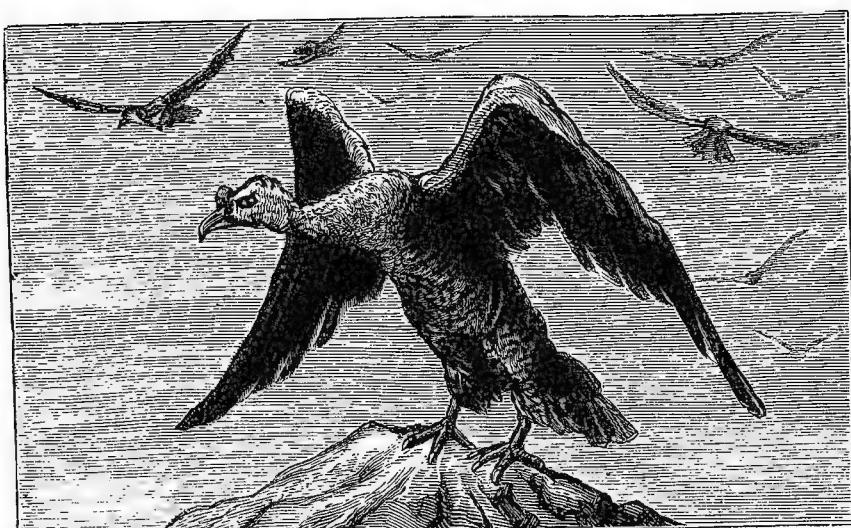
Who killed the Tiger?
"I," said the Bheel,
"With my flint and steel
I killed the Tiger."

THIS IS THE BHEEL WITH HIS FLINT AND STEEL



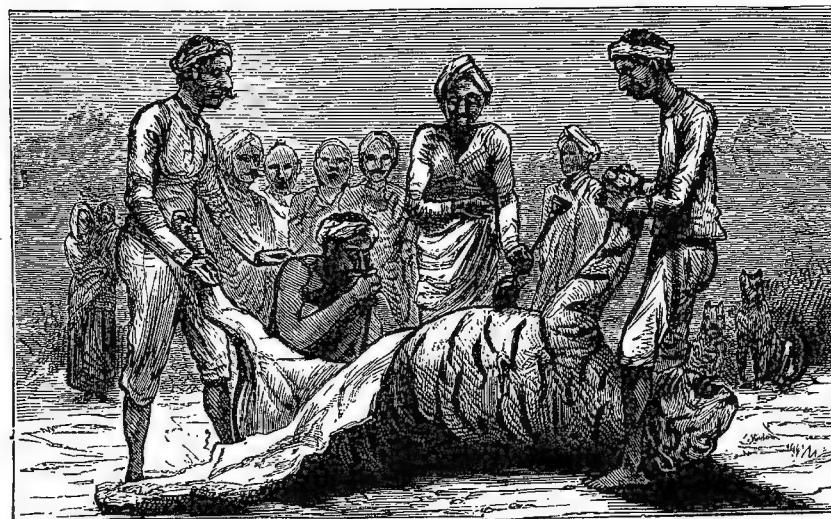
Who saw him die?
"I," said the Monkey,
"Because I wasn't funky
I saw him die."

THIS IS THE MONKEY WHO WASN'T FUNKY



Who smelt his blood?
Said the Vulture, "I,
From my seat in the sky
I smelt his blood."

THIS IS THE VULTURE SO HIGH IN THE SKY



Who'll take off the skin?
"We," said the Dhers,
"Because we're good flayers,
We'll take off the skin."

THESE ARE THE DHERS WHO ARE SUCH GOOD FLAYERS



Who'll dig his grave?
"I," said the Jackal,
"I and my pack all,
We'll dig his grave."

THIS IS THE JACKAL WITH HIS PACK ALL



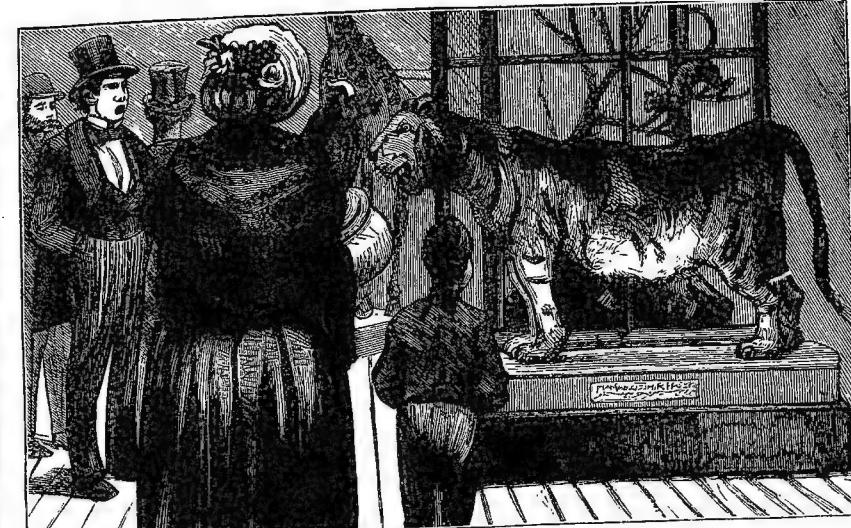
Who'll say he shot him?
"I," said young Biffin,
The latest Griffin,
"I'll say I shot him."

THIS IS YOUNG BIFFIN, THE LATEST GRIFFIN



Who'll set up the skin?
"I," said the stuffer,
"If my price you'll suffer
I'll set up the skin."

THIS IS THE STUFFER, WHOSE PRICE I CAN'T SUFFER



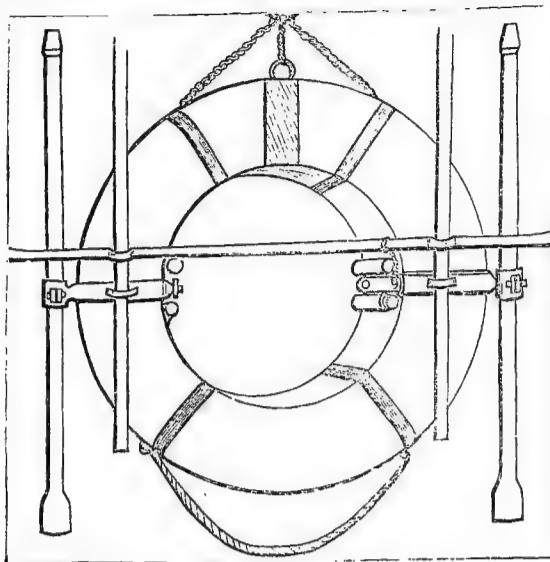
Who'll see the last of him?
"I," said Mrs. Grundy,
"On some Easter Monday
I'll see the last of him."

THIS IS MRS. GRUNDY ON AN EASTER MONDAY

WHO KILLED THE TIGER?

A NEW LIFEBOUY

An interesting experiment was lately witnessed off Erith by the officers studying at the Royal Naval College with a new lifebuoy of designed and patented by Robert Whithby, late gunner's mate of H.M.S. *Excellent*. The trial was made from H.M. gunboat *Trent*.



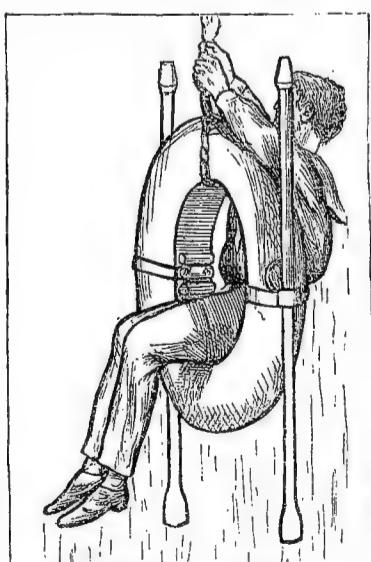
THE NEW BUOY

The buoy, which consists of a hollow cylinder in circular form, with air-tight compartments, was dropped into the water, and a man plunged in after it; he swam to the buoy, and, seizing it, turned one side over his head, thereby placing himself within the circle; he then secured himself in an easy position, his back resting on the inside of the buoy, the weight of the body being partly supported by a chain or footrope for the feet to rest in; his arms were then comparatively free for signalling to the ship. One advantage claimed



THE MAN INSIDE

for this buoy is that in heavy weather, when it might be dangerous to lower a boat, it can be picked up by a rope from the ship, and to demonstrate this a "whip" from the yard-arm was thrown out, which was made fast to the buoy by the man in it, and both were hoisted on board with great facility. In foggy weather the man can signal by the use of a shrill whistle, which is attached to the inner



HOISTING ON BOARD

circle of the buoy. At night the principal light attached to the buoy is fired as it falls from the ship, the hand-lights fitted inside the circle of the buoy can be fired by the man when he has got into it. The ship's crew could be easily taught or drilled in the use of the buoy when hands are piped to bathe. The buoy can be stowed away within less area, has more buoyancy, and is cheaper than the Service buoy.



B. WILLIAMS.—The title of "The Old Sacristan" will at once suggest its subject, a venerable official falling into his last sleep at his post; we have had quite enough harping upon this sad string, which even clever Miss Mary Mark Lemon and Mr. Odoardo Barri could find nothing new to write about and wed to music.—"A Royal Exchange," by the above composer, words by E. Oxenford, is a merry and tuneful narrative song of medium compass.—Most of us are acquainted with Charles Mackay's spirited and jovial poem, "The King and the Miller of Dee," which has been set to music more than once, before Alfred Blume set it with fair success to a cheerful melody, published in two keys, D and E.—A pretty and easy *rondo* for the pianoforte is "May-Day," by L. Williams.—More showy but not as pleasing is "A Trip to Fairy Land," a rambling rhapsody for the pianoforte by Arthur H. Brown.

W. CZERNY.—"The Time of Roses Soon Will Come" is a consolatory poem by T. H. Bayly, adapted to a melodious violin romance by Berthold Tours; with the title changed, the same song published with a violin, flute, or violoncello accompaniment.—"Three Trusty Friends," written and composed by J. Lyons and Frank L. Moir, is a pleasing song of medium compass, with an excellent moral, suitable for a clerical Penny Reading.—The same may be said of "A Tiny Floweret," words by Emily Josephs, music by George Gear.—"L'Ange Qui Chante," a dreamy melody by Mendelssohn, has been arranged in a simple but musician-like manager by W. Czerny, for piano, and either flute, violin, or violoncello accompaniment.—"The Ráczky March," which Hector Berlioz introduced into his *Faust*, is sufficiently popular to induce Edward Marlois to transcribe it for the pianoforte, and W. Czerny to arrange it as a duet in a showy manner.—Worthy of its name is "Repose," a pleasing sketch for the pianoforte by Berthold Tours.

MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—Suitable for Sunday in the home circle is "The Abbey Organ," a dramatic song with accompaniments for the pianoforte and harmonium, or American organ, written and composed by Walter Spinney.—Of a conventional type but with a telling melody is "A Serenade," for a tenor voice, written and composed by H. M. Imbert Terry.—The above author and composer has been more successful with "Reunion," a melancholy song for a tenor.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Of more than ordinary merit is "Grande Polonoise Héroïque," composed by Michel Bergson, who has not only scored it for the orchestra, but arranged it in a variety of forms. The arrangement before us is for the pianoforte and violoncello (Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.).—Showy and well adapted for a school breaking-up concert is "La Zingarella," a *tarantella brillante* by Charles Gardner (Joseph Williams).—"Gavotte," in C major, for the pianoforte, by E. Shute, is tuneful, but of the ordinary type to be met with in these compositions (Messrs. Cunningham Bookey and Sprague).—Frank Percival has followed the old-fashioned "air with variations," groove which has but few admirers. A brace of fantasias, entitled "Edinburgh" and "Erin's Harp" are fair specimens of their obsolete school. The "Pompadour Polka," by Mendel Silverstone, is chiefly noticeable for its chintz bordered frontispiece; the music is very common-place (Messrs. Moffat and Co.).—As a reward for more serious study which often wears young students of the pianoforte, "The Ferry Man," a descriptive fantasia by J. Pridham, with its gay frontispiece and well-known tunes, arranged in an easy and playable form, will prove highly successful (Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co.).—Of local interest, as they no doubt are, the "Mona's Isle Waltzes," by James Batchelder, will find many admirers and players in the Isle of Man; they are melodious, and the time is well marked (Messrs. J. Bath and Co.).—"The Dagmar Waltzes," by Ellen L. Holdsworth, are evidently the work of an amateur and a novice, who will probably, when more experienced, produce something much better (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—From another apprentice hand comes "The Lightning Polka," by Haydn Grover, who will do well to publish for the home circle at present until time and study have done their work (H. Grover, Regent's Square, W.C.).

WITH THE OTTER HOUNDS

A DEVON PASTORAL

If any one wishes to see the beauty of early summer to perfection he cannot do so more satisfactorily than by a run with the otter hounds. At the early hour when this sport commences, the dewy influences of Night yet hang over the scenery, and the young Day looks her best; birds sing with wild delight from copse and tree; trout dimple the pools of the river with their rises. Most people have heard of the otter hounds belonging to Mr. Collier of Culmstock, Devon, and, as they hunt amid the finest scenery of the West of England, we cannot better prove these statements than by following them for a morning. It is all but half-past six as we reach an ivy-mantled bridge over the River Otter, and the thin blue smoke is just beginning to curl upwards from the hamlet to our left among the tall elm-trees, albeit they are somewhat disfigured by too much lopping of the lower branches. Half-a-dozen more visitors, with a handful of boys, stand around. Here come two or three young ladies; a carriage drives up with another; when, just as we take out our watch, the Master's cheerful, ruddy countenance appears at the corner of the lane attended by ten or eleven couple of hounds, a friend or two, and the huntsman, whose face is sunburnt until it seems to have been dyed with walnut juice, while from long meditating on the crafty ways of otters it has assumed a physiognomy remarkably akin to the sagacious face of the otter himself. They are dressed in pink coats, which have seen better days, in white trousers, and big-nailed boots. There is no attempt at dandyism or fashion; the equipment is evidently arranged on the ground of utility only. Each bears a blunt spear, which will serve for a leaping pole on occasion. This hunt does not allow sharpened spears, as they injure the valuable skin of the quarry. The hounds may not be "bred out of the Spartan kind," but they spring from a well-known North Devon strain, and are chosen for their size, activity, courage, and fondness for the water. Larger than foxhounds, they are well set-up, serviceable animals, hard as iron and true as steel, plunging here and there into the water with the keenest delight, combining admirably nose and pugnacity. Old Lector is led in a leash, his face and ears seamed with a hundred bites and scratches received in combat with his redoubtable enemy, the otter; another hound, with more shaggy coat, is also led in a leash; but in his eagerness drags the little boy who holds him into hedges and pools, and when scent is hit upon, he gives despairing yells, and strains upon his collar till beaten into silence. The hounds are gathering about meanwhile under the bridge, and in the pool below, and at once the Master, the *beau idéal* of a sportsman, cheerily calls out: "Now then, gentlemen! don't bustle the hounds! To him, my hearties! Lavish, Lavish! Hector, Hector; who—whoop!"

Away the hounds rush questing here and there up the river, their tails twinkling now in the copses at the side, now in the pools and "stickles," while we all follow through the meadows at a respectful distance, one eager pedestrian treading on a white terrier at the Master's heels, itself, in consequence of past conflicts, only able to use three legs, and being called to order for his precipitation. The

fine old mansion of Cadbury, with its quadrangle of The Kings, is left behind, and the little company on foot proceeds rapidly up the river over hedge and brook in the direction of Honiton. How cool the air! how grey and silvery the shadows lie beneath the tall hedges and oaks in their early yellow foliage! On our right a high red cliff runs parallel with the river clothed with copse glorious in the tender greenery of this late spring, while through the drooping boughs come glimpses of the richest red and blue mosaic from a carpet of crimson campions and wild hyacinths. Every here and there the cliff breaks down to disclose a peep of the distant East Hill of Ottery, a curiously level range running towards the sea; and low down against the new red sandstone flames a huge bush of golden gorse, or more intensely still a massive cluster of marsh marigold. The rich fields on one side are full of the little Devon cows, much insulted at the appearance of the hounds, which take no notice as they eagerly hunt up and down the thick wooded banks that here serve for hedges, and splash and swim through the water.

The river itself, however, is the most beautiful feature of this lovely country. It winds here and there with placid silvery stream between beds of yellow-flowered iris; here it bubbles in broken steel-like glints over shelves of gravel; while here again it justifies its name of Otter (an old Norman word meaning "swift," and in no wise related to the animal of which we are in quest) by rapidly sweeping over ledges of rock and lines of boulder, the foam-flakes it churns being whirled on till they float into some quieter bay. It is of crystal clearness to-day, and much too low for sport either to anglers or otter-hunters. The big trout lie under the rock shelves, plunging now and then in a sullen manner at some unhappy stonefly, while the otters, alas! are quietly sleeping far up in some shady "goil" that runs into the river along its shrunken brook.

But hist! at this rushy bend of the stream, with a meadow beyond, Lavish gives tongue. What an excitement among the feathered tails of his comrades! What splashing through the river of hounds unlucky enough to be on this side! And now Lavish goes off in full cry to a distant coppice, the others following in a line. The Master rushes through the river, the other red coats follow; a prudent hunter stops us and bids us wait. He is right. The scent dies away, thanks to the dry morning, at the nearest hedge, and the hounds return disconsolate to the rushes. The Master posts men at the different bends of the stream, and eagerly makes casts all round the fields, but in vain. So we move onwards, consoled by the peep at Affington Church, the martyred Bishop Patteson's first charge, on the hill opposite; and speedily reach Fenton Bridge, where Lord Russell and Sir Peter Carew drove back the Cornishmen on a hot summer's day in 1549, with a loss of some three hundred men. The eye ranges from here over the woods of Escot, where Locke is said to have retired at times for philosophic reflection to the open country of Woodbury, barren heath tufted with firs round old British hill-forts, whither swept the remnants of the conflict. And now the cliff falls into fair meadows studded with huge trees, with here and there a white-washed farm gleaming through its encircling belt of orchard, which is at present a mass of red and pearly bloom. Far as the eye can look these patches of apple-blossom diversify the distant hill-sides, till we are consoled for absence of sport by the fair peace of these pastoral slopes. There is here another false alarm, and even more excitement, but we watch from our side of the river, and in a quarter of an hour the hunt returns. A little onwards we advance till Honiton comes in sight, and then the day grows, and the heat increases. The river gleams like burnished glass, a bell-wether tinkles sleepily from the next field. There is no likelihood of sport, we decide, probably much helped to this conclusion by the remembrance that it is several dusty miles by the nearest high road to breakfast, and the keen boy who has accompanied us must not be tired out, as mothers do not altogether view otter hunting with delight. So we bid the hunters farewell with reluctance, and lead our small charge home, much grumbling that he has not had the opportunity of plunging into the river up to his middle. An otter, we afterwards hear, is killed at Upottery, some fourteen miles onwards. Two more had been run into the previous day on the lower reaches of the Otter, one of which, a young one, was caught uninjured, and placed in the otter-yard at Bicton House. So our otter-hunting resolved itself into a walk through some of the fairest scenery of East Devon, and the memory of such an eager ramble, amidst so lovely a pastoral country, will not soon be forgotten. The most inveterate sluggard as well as the keenest sportsman might well be compensated for his exertions and his disappointment by this summer morn of beauty in Devon,

M. G. WATKINS.



"AMONG THE HILLS," by E. Frances Poynter (2 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), is the study of the character of a girl who "with keen sensibilities and some capacity for greatness, found herself imprisoned in a narrow and untoward lot, out of which it seemed exceptionally hard to struggle into freedom and light." The authoress most needlessly apologises for her choice of such a heroine as Hetty Adams, the deformed milliner's apprentice of Haysted "Among the Hills." Hetty is an original study of a really remarkable kind, and is likely to fix herself in any reader's memory—perhaps not the less because her portrait is very far from being a pleasant one. The pathos of her history lies in her being crushed, both by nature and circumstance, like only too many others, into a sort of moral as well as physical distortion—she would have been better, had her hidden capacities for good been less strong. Of course the story tells how, by the usual process, she finds out that she has a soul; and the conflict between her new and her old self is well conceived, and described with truth and vigour. She is no case of complete and therefore impossible transformation, but runs into bad as well as good impulses of a sort that had formerly been foreign to her. Most of the other characters, including Hetty's aunt, a sort of minor Mrs. Poyser, are good in their several ways and degrees, and serve to bring out the nature and circumstances of Hetty more clearly. At the same time it must be said that the authoress is true to human nature in inward than in outward things. A few conventional scraps of rustic grammar are not enough to stamp the refined ladies and gentlemen of Haysted as the narrow-lived villagers for which they are intended. Richard Armstrong might pass as a man who had studied and travelled beyond his station; but even those who were without his advantages are not much below his level. Sometimes we are made to fancy that Hetty's sort of life is more common, and far more cruel and hopeless, in great cities than it can be "Among the Hills." Still this does not much affect the general merits of this exceptionally original novel of character.

In "The Cameronians" (3 vols.: Bentley and Son) the pen of Mr. James Grant is to the full as dashing and spirited as of old. This is an uncompromising romance of incident, written on the good old lines, and as such it is warmly welcomed. Mr. Grant shows a wholesome, if rather antiquated, scorn for psychology. His heroines are angels, and as beautiful as angels; his hero, a knight-errant of the first class: his villains are demons, and look and behave so much like themselves as to make it amazing that they

should do any harm except in a blind asylum. The chief scoundrel goes so far as to have eyes of different colours, so that everybody may be warned. The incidents are to match, and crowd so fast upon one another as to make the story go at a breathless gallop from beginning to end. The most exciting deal with the adventures of one Cecil Falconer during the late Turco-Russian war, in which he, cashieven at home on a false charge, rises to be a captain in the Servian army, saves the life of General Tcherniaeff, fights like a Paladin, escapes by miracles from countless plots and perils, and fascinates a beautiful Servian countess, who is strangled by a desperate rival when it was getting a little difficult for Cecil to keep as true as a romance hero should do to the girl at home whom he loved, as he believed, hopelessly. Altogether, it is a capital story of the stirring and exciting sort—one to make middle-aged readers feel young again. In his preface, Mr. Grant, with natural regret, speaks of the imminent loss of its historical distinctions and identity by the famous old regiment known as "The Cameronians." He gives enough of the regimental history, and in such a manner, as to supply more than common military interest to his otherwise capital novel.

Mrs. Robert O'Reilly's "David Broome, Artist" (3 vols : Sampson Low and Co.), has considerable, if ill-sustained, interest, though the story is on the whole aimless and disappointed. It consists of an unbroken chain of curious coincidences ; and yet it is told in such a manner that even the everyday things, which are not curious at all, are made to seem yet more improbable than the coincidences themselves. There is never any reason in the novel why anybody should have done anything rather than something else quite different, or why anything should have happened as it did instead of in the opposite way. David Broome's being an artist, though appearing on the title-page as the ostensible motive of the book, is absolutely immaterial—it is not as an artist, but as a superhumanly good young man, that he plays the part of hero. Nor, of course, is there any reason, in the nature of things, why an angel should not be found occupied in selling apples and cabbages ; and yet, in the person of such a paragon as Lettice, Mrs. O'Reilly, in her usual manner, makes it seem incredible that one should be found engaged in just that particular calling. There is certainly talent in "David Broome;" but, just as certainly, it has been allowed to run wild, and without an aim.

THE COUNTRY PRACTITIONER

THERE are many persons who look upon the life of a country doctor with no small amount of envy. He appears to make plenty of money and to make it easily; for it seems as though the greater part of his work consists in riding or driving about the country, spending a few minutes by his patients' bedside, including in his daily round a visit to the squire or the clergyman, or some well-to-do personage whose ailments are chiefly imaginary or greatly exaggerated, and whose health gives the doctor very little anxiety, while the visit affords him some pleasant chat or social intercourse in a district where there is a dearth of such relaxation. And when the man, from long residence in the locality or from his acknowledged skill, has so established himself that he can afford to visit only where and when he chooses, leaving his partner or assistant to do the rest, his position may well be regarded as one for the attainment of which it is worth expending a good deal of labour, and submitting to many hardships.

Yet such instances of good fortune are comparatively rare when the general run of practitioners is considered, many of whom could willingly afford to have less *leisure* and more *rest*. The country practitioner's work begins early in the morning, and he is never free from interruption either by day or night. Often through the thoughtlessness or carelessness of the people who send for him he has to go over the same ground twice when once would have sufficed ; and perhaps in the bleakest weather, and when he is most in need of quiet, he is called away to some remote district, where he may be detained for hours on some trifling errand by a patient who has very small ability to pay, only to have the mortification of finding on his return that some sudden calamity has overtaken his best patient nearer home, and to whom another doctor has been called in.

For it must not be forgotten that practisers of the healing art adopt the profession for the purpose of making money out of it, and not from philanthropic or missionary motives, and no more excuse is needed for a medico than for a mercer looking out for an humouring a good customer. Yet it is an undeniable fact that medical men do more work without pay than any other set of men, and this, not because they rashly make bad debts as many tradesmen do, but from impulses of charity. They are often sent for to attend the poorest people who are above the humiliation of parish pay, and they cheerfully attend the call, although they have not the slightest hope of ever getting a penny for their trouble. How far the fear of being held up to public opprobrium if he should refuse, operates as motive to the surgeon in such a case one cannot say, any more than one can appraise the relative forces of patriotism and the fear of being branded as a coward which prevent a soldier running away in the midst of the fight ; yet the fact remains that, in the one case as in the other, the work is done, and done well too, and it does not become outsiders to balance too nicely the relative probabilities.

There is a wide-spread belief that the cleverest men do not, unless by hereditary succession or some other accident, settle down in the country as general practitioners ; yet this may be only partially true, notwithstanding the countenance which is given to the theory by repeated observation. A man in the country may be well up in all the knowledge of his profession, and be made of that stuff which would ensure eminence if his energies were confined to one particular branch of it, but partly because his labours are too widely diffused, and partly because he is cut off from the intercourse and practice which would improve his knowledge, his learning becomes a little out of date, and his skill that of a quarter of a century ago ; so that he is not able to keep pace with the rapid strides of medical science in modern times. Hence the difficulty which country practitioners have in discriminating complicated ailments, and in treating them satisfactorily, and the colour which is thus given to the assertion—happily less and less true as time goes on—that medical science is after all largely empiricism.

A story is told of a country surgeon who was visiting at the house of a bluff old clergyman—a country parson of the old school, and who never had any ailments—when this subject was taken up in conversation. "I don't believe in any of you country doctors," said the clergyman, "and I wouldn't trust one of you ; if I were seriously ill I should at once send up to town for the best man I could get." "You are quite right," replied the medico, "and you entirely express my own sentiments, for if I were ill and likely to die I wouldn't trust to any of you country parsons, I should send right off for the Archbishop of Canterbury direct."

The country practitioner appears in several types. There is the old family doctor who is an elder brother to the old people in the town, and in whom they have unbounded confidence, while the young people look upon him with a large amount of reverence and awe. Always active and busy, he seems to live for nothing but his work, yet he is now enjoying a good deal of well-earned repose, as one by one he transfers his patients to his son, who is his partner and companion.

Then there is the dapper little doctor whose attire is always scrupulously precise, and who has a very juvenile appearance, although he may not be quite so young as he looks, while his speech and his manners are all regulated by the best models of propriety. He can do a little shooting and hunting when he has the opportunity, and

he prides himself on his skill at whist, nor does he omit an occasional visit to the billiard table, where his performance with the cue still does credit to his youthful skill. Yet he does not allow his love of sport and gaiety—which is considerable—to interfere with his professional duties, for he has expensive tastes and a large family, and an overwhelming desire to make his children's position in society better than his own was.

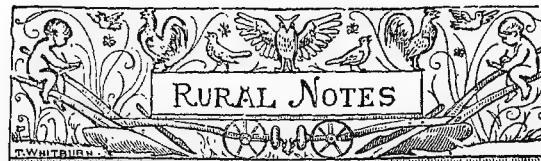
The slovenly type is not so pleasing, although, perhaps, it may not be less useful. This man is not fastidious about his garb,—cloth of any colour will do for him, or he may perchance affect the swallow-tail coat of a bygone age ; his hair and beard may be seldom and badly cut, but he cares no more for such trifles than he does about smelling powerfully of strong tobacco, which he smokes at all hours of the day, nor of onions, of which he is remarkably fond. For social position he cares nothing, and the strivings of his wife and daughters receive no help from him. Bearish in his manner both in public and in private, he is generally voted a nuisance in public matters by reason of his impracticability and pig-headedness. His patients are chiefly among the poorer people and small tradesmen, with whom he is an oracle ; yet he is clever in his profession, has perhaps taken a higher degree than the other practitioners in the place, although he has despised the money-bought "M.D." which some of them possess. You wonder how he can be so much liked by his patients, and have so much influence over them, for his manner outside with them is as rough and rude as with other people ; but in the sick chamber—strange mutation !—he is gentle and kind as a woman, and his loving care and firmness inspire confidence and regard.

A good horse is an essential part of the stock-in-trade of the country practitioner, and when he starts on his career fresh from the hospital, he generally takes to riding ; he has youth, and health, and high spirits, and horse exercise is an excellent safety valve ; and when he takes an occasional spin after the hounds, or if he even rides to the meet, he is proud to show off the bit of horseflesh he possesses. By and bye, as he gets older, and his cares and anxieties increase—when he feels sundry twitches suggestive of rheumatism or gout, brought on by exposure to wet in the saddle, he puts his horse in harness and drives a stylish gig ; but as time wears on, if his success has been unbroken, he is glad to husband his strength and take greater care of himself by adopting the snug brougham, except on very fine days, when a little fresh air is acceptable. Many a good man, however, never reaches the brougham stage ; in fact, the majority of country practitioners have to content themselves with gigs all their days.

There are, of course, some worthless fellows in the medical profession as in every other ; yet it is very seldom that the charge of neglecting his patients has to be brought against a country practitioner ; but there is many a *Paterfamilias* who has to lament over the excessive and needless attention bestowed upon his household by the family doctor. Although no dangerous symptoms exist, and the attendants are very watchful, the doctor will come day after day, and the round sum, which the total of these visits comes to, unduly swells the Christmas bills, and can neither be left unpaid nor complained about.

The record of the lives of many unobtrusive country practitioners would disclose numberless acts of real heroism, and their deaths the true spirit of the martyr—deeds and deaths all the more honourable because they are done without the applause or notice of admiring crowds, and can never be blazoned abroad to the world. Many a noble man has thus fallen a victim to his ceaseless visits to fever dens, and his unremitting attention to cholera patients ; day by day he has felt his own health and strength failing, yet he has held on to his work, and died manfully at his post, cut off, perhaps, in the budding promise of youth, or the full vigour of manhood ; living and dying more nobly than many of those who, amid the cheers of crowding followers or the clamour of bigoted enemies, have sacrificed their lives in the cause of truth and right. Thinking of such men, whose names are hardly known beyond the narrow limits of their own parish, and comparing them with the skilful surgeons and astute physicians whose reputation is world-wide, and whom princes delight to honour, the medical profession has good reason to be proud of many of its modest country practitioners.

S. B.



HOPS.—Prospects still seem rather uncertain. In East Kent good results are generally expected, and the fly is not serious as a pest. In the Weald and in Mid Kent, however, the fly is more abundant. In Sussex the bine is often slack and uneven, and it is only in a minority of gardens that the branches stand out well from the plants. In Surrey the little insects called "cuckoos" have done much injury, exhausting the bine. In the West of England the bine is of a good, deep, healthy colour, and neither flies nor lice are at all abundant.

HAY.—The crop is expected to turn out decidedly light in the South-East, East, and East Midland districts, but not much under an average in the North-West, West, and South-West of England. Quality should be fairly good. The heavy showers of June 25th were the reverse of welcome to the early hay-makers. To preserve the colour, flavour, and richness of hay, it should not have too much sun, for it is the passage of the air through the pikes that makes the best hay. Shelter from showers is of an importance which cannot be exaggerated, for, when macerated by water and withered by the sun, hay gets past the power of spores to restore it to its pristine excellence or palatability as food for cattle.

THE NORFOLK AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION have just held their Annual Show at Wymondham. There was a grand display of red polled cattle, and some very pretty Jerseys were also on view. The shorthorns were rather weak. Sheep called for no great praise ; but the horses were some of them very good. The hacks included some fine free-steppers, but the hind action was not so good. In-and-in breeding is a custom overdone in Norfolk stables.

THE ROYAL COUNTIES' AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held their Annual Show at Salisbury, a place they had never previously visited. The weather was fine, and the exhibition a success. The horses were a larger show than in 1880, and were for most visitors a leading attraction. The jumping contests were an especial success, albeit no extraordinary feats were performed. Colonel Loyd Lindsay, M.P., was the proud possessor of "the finest horse in the Show." This one horse, Netley, carried off the two leading prizes. Of cattle there were 212 entries against 192 last year. Shorthorns, Herefords, and Devons were nothing special ; but the Channel Islands and also the Sussex cattle were, as at Tunbridge Wells, a very good show. Hampshire Downs were well represented by exhibits from Mr. Parsons, Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Newton, while the Southdowns and the long-wooled sheep were by no means despicable exhibits. There was a fine show of pigs, of the Berkshire breed, and also a small but good exhibition of poultry.

AGRICULTURAL STOCK AND RAILWAYS.—An exhibitor at the Bath and West of England Show had eight sheep to send on the London and South-Western Railway from Micheldever to Guildford.

He inquired the rates at owner's and company's risks respectively, and was told that they would be 18s. 6d. in one case and 40s. in the other. As his shepherd could be insured for 500/- on payment of 2d., he did not choose to pay 21s. 6d. for insuring his sheep, which were not worth 500/. Some rather curious comparisons are suggested by this tariff, which shows how forty-two of our leading men, say the past and present Cabinets and some fifteen others, could have been insured for 42,000/- on the same journey and for the same premium as is required for eight sheep.

THE NORTH OF ENGLAND.—An agricultural correspondent says the first sown turnips were eaten off by the fly, and have had to be sown over again. They are now looking well. There is a large bread of potatoes this year, and with a few exceptions they look healthy, and are coming up strong and vigorous on the top. Frost did very little harm, despite a visitation as late as the 8th of June. Wheat is thin, and looked so poorly in May that many farmers ploughed it up and put in barley. That cereal promises very well, but it is surpassed by the promise of oats, which are strong and tall for the season, and are of a gross dark-green hue full of health and strength. Hay in parts will yield well, but many meadows have been badly laid by rain. Pastures are now rich, and stock are thriving.

GAME.—There is good promise for the autumn "all along the line." Grouse give satisfaction to the Northern keepers, while in England generally the broods of pheasants seem decidedly numerous. Several observers assure us that this is a prolific season, the birds setting and hatching large broods. Partridges promise well, and hares and rabbits will probably be abundant, Sir William Harcourt and his statue to the contrary notwithstanding. Whilst on "game" we may note that there is at present a brood of young woodcocks in a wood near Frome, Somerset.

MIDSUMMER FLOWERS.—On Midsummer Day we saw in blossom in one large garden in Surrey, within ten miles of London, roses red white and yellow, flags purple and yellow, lilies white and orange, rock speedwell, double dropwort, peonies, evening primroses, geraniums, snapdragons, cornflowers, Cape pondweed, thrift, barebells, larkspur, Canterbury bells, candytufts, Alpine daisies, Valerians red and white, Sweet Williams, pyrethrums, foxgloves, rose campions, flaxes, sweet peas, phloxes, pinks, lupines, rockets white and lilac, Stars of Bethlehem, nasturtiums, clematis, and a few early gladioli. And yet on the 2nd of July a decent bouquet costs a sovereign in what *Punch* felicitously designated "Mud Salad Market!"

LILIES are so beautiful, and the plants in bloom are so dear, that increased efforts are being made by amateurs at cultivating them for themselves. A great secret of success is to put the bulb itself in a surrounding of pure sand, with a little manure about six inches underneath. Coal ashes should be heaped on the surface of the ground in a cone in winter, and spread over the surface in the spring. Those who pursued this mode of growing last winter have now a fine show of lilies. It is a good thing to plant *Azalea mollis* near lilies, as this shrub is bare of leaves in the spring when sunshine on the lilies is healthily stimulating, but rich in shading foliage in summer, when the sun is withering in its force, and the lilies must have shade.

HAWTHORN BLOSSOM is very beautiful, but soon goes off. We therefore would advise the cultivation together with the ordinary varieties of two sorts noted for flowering much later. These are the glossy-leaved Hawthorn and *Crataegus punctata*, or Pointed Hawthorn. By this means a garden may be bright with hawthorn blossom from spring to the beginning of July.

MULLEIN is a handsome plant, even when growing as a weed by the country road side. It admits of being made still more handsome by cultivation, its rich spire of blossoms and bright yellow flowers being very distinguished in appearance. *Celosia cretica*, the Cretan Mullein, and one or two other varieties can now be obtained from florists.

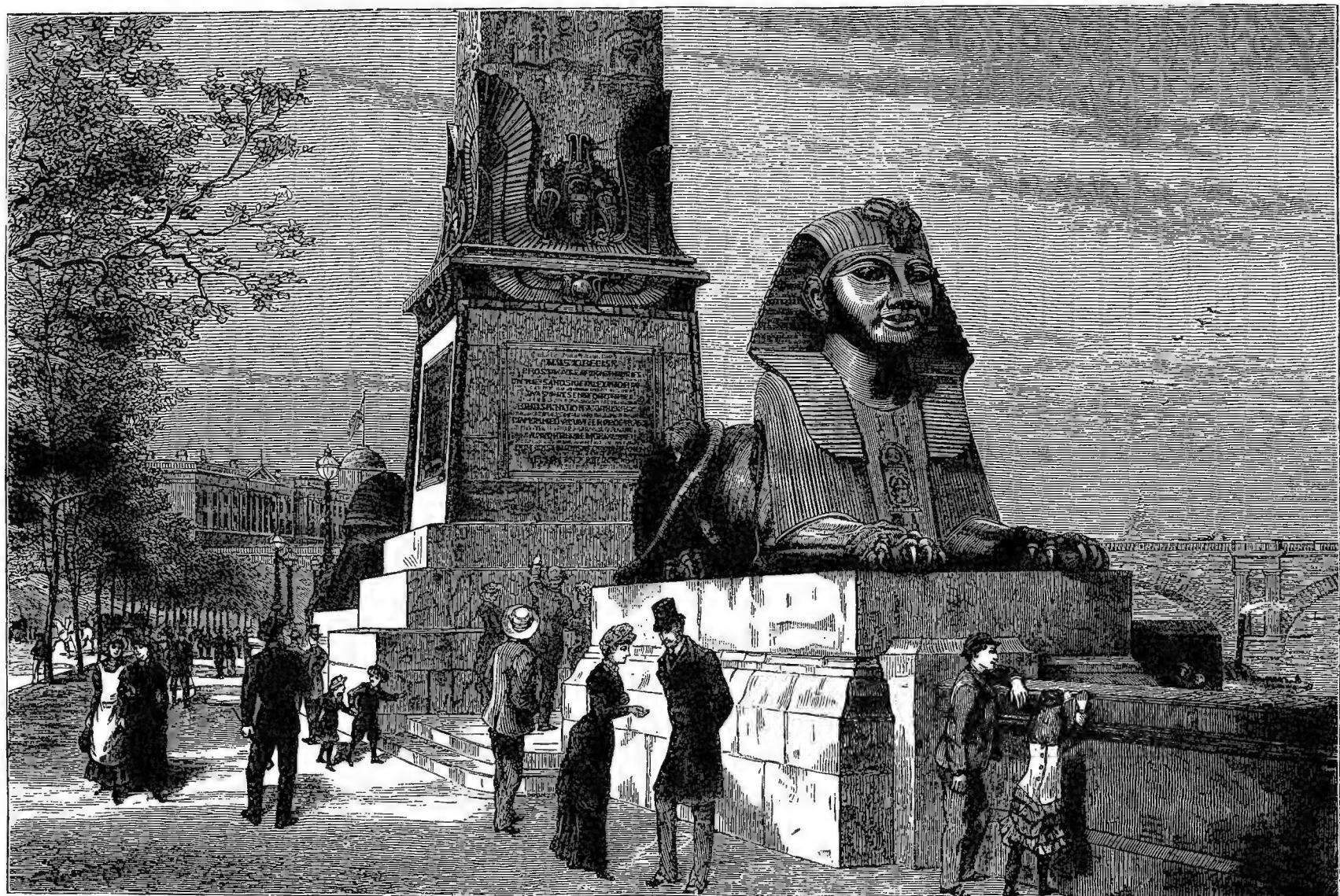
MISCELLANEOUS.—Sir W. V. Harcourt has given 10/- to the Frank Buckland Memorial Fund.—Mr. A. Pagan, a well-known Scotch sheep-breeder, has been found drowned in a pond close to his own house.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' STUDIO.—It is not generally known that the fire which destroyed Messrs. Gardner's lamp factory in St. Martin's Lane, during one of the severest nights in January, destroyed a building intimately connected with the progress of Art in this country. The house, No. 112, enjoyed the reputation of having been for some time occupied as a studio by Sir Joshua Reynolds, but more than this, it was actually the seat of the Royal Academy from A.D. 1739 to 1767, under the peculiar care of Hogarth himself. On the removal of the Academy to Pall Mall it was taken by Roubillac, and still later by his friend and pupil Read, who seems at one period to have enjoyed almost a monopoly of the manufacture of tombs for Westminster Abbey. Still later it was known as the Lawrence Gallery. St. Martin's Lane was long known as the Grub Street of artists, and there was probably not a single artist contemporary to Sir Joshua who was unconnected in some way with it. In Stow's earliest maps the site of the gallery was a garden, and the brickwork exposed when the panelling was burnt away shows that this garden was built over at three successive times. The entrance, while it was the Academy, was on the left hand of St. Peter's Court, and is alluded to by Stowe as "a very handsome and genteel place," while across the lane opposite was the celebrated Tom's Coffee House. In those days the *curriculum* of the Academy was less restricted than at present, and we find among the prizes advertised one of 30/- for the best models of ships. Nor were the recent occupiers of the premises altogether unworthy of the legacy occupied by them. Although they did not actually commence manufacturing on an extended scale until three years ago, the massive bronze triple lamps and drinking fountain at Gloucester Gate being their first work, it seemed not unlikely that the tradition of much of the metal work in some of the most conspicuous buildings in London having been manufactured there might have been handed down. Sir Gilbert Scott, immediately before his death, gave them the lighting of two churches, one St. Margaret's, Westminster. Their very first essay at wrought iron work was the production of the gates for the Leathersellers' Hall, while the extent of the business Messrs. Gardner have rapidly achieved may be gathered from the fact that gas-fittings and stoves for the new Leathersellers' Hall were destroyed in the fire to the value of 1,450/-, besides the whole of the wrought iron and brass for the Forfar Episcopal Church, Messrs. Howell and James' new premises, and many minor buildings. The firm itself was founded by John Gardner in 1752, and has thus witnessed every improvement in lighting from the simple strain of cotton shown in Hogarth's pictures—through Count Rumford's improvements, those of Messrs. Argand and Carcel, the *moderateur*, the introduction of camphine, naphtha, and paraffin, of gas, and finally, the electric light.

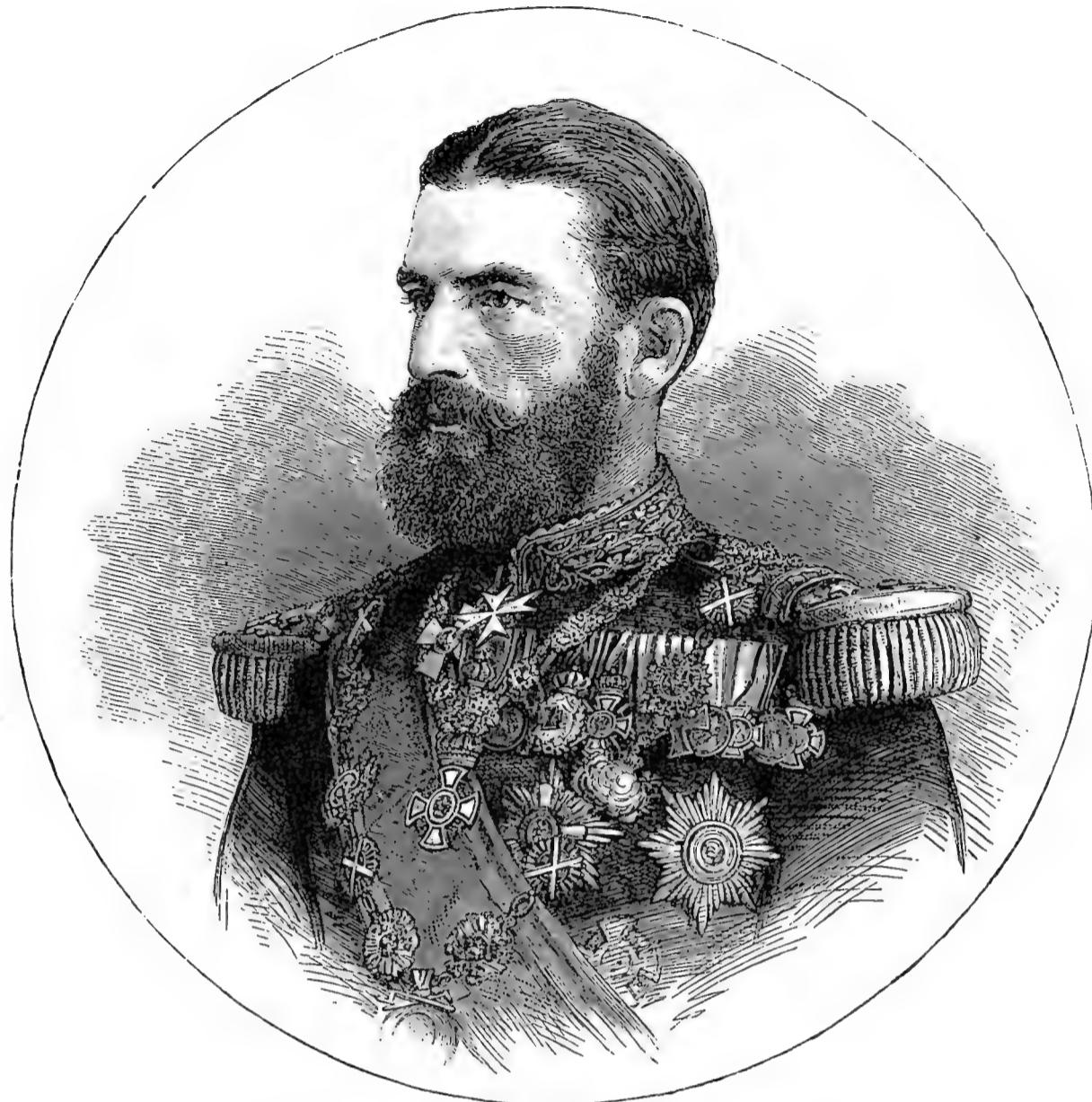
MALARIA seems to be developing with alarming rapidity around New York. One large jewellery manufactory in New Jersey is to be abandoned in consequence of the unhealthy character of the neighbourhood, new buildings being erected on a safer site at considerable expense to the owner, and this, as the *American Architect* points out, is only one piece of evidence of the growing gravity of the malaria question. A generation ago malaria was as little dreaded about New York as it would be in London, but now some of the most beautiful suburbs of the city are becoming depopulated from this cause, and town after town is attacked by the ague, which never again releases its hold.



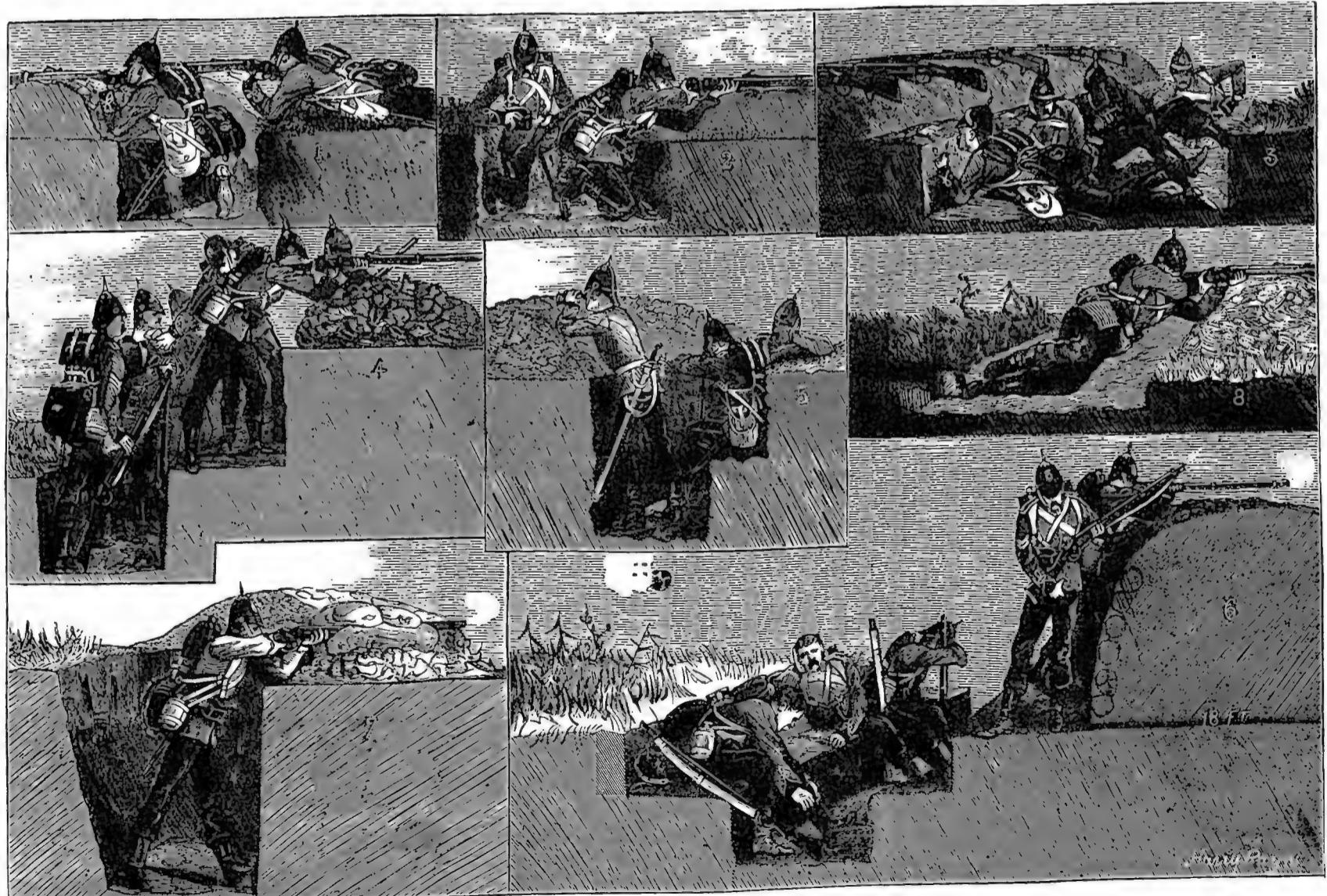
ELIZABETH, FIRST QUEEN OF ROUMANIA
CROWNED MAY 22, 1881



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT, WITH THE SPHINXES WHICH WILL SHORTLY BE PLACED AT THE BASE



CHARLES, FIRST KING OF ROUMANIA
CROWNED MAY 22, 1881



1. Half-hour Trench.—2. One Hour Trench.—3. Two Hour Trench, or One Hour's Extra Work at the One Hour Trench.—4. Cover obtained for Rear Rank Standing by Deepening the One Hour Trench.—5. Cover Sitting obtained by Widening the One Hour Trench.—6. Four Hour Breastwork.—7. Sectional View of Rifle Pit.—8. Shelter Pit, Made in Five Minutes.

INFANTRY AND THE SPADE—HASTY ENTRENCHMENTS



To schoolboys and girls this is the happiest month of the year : open-air holidays by sea and land are looked forward to with intense delight. "Be original, and be picturesque," remarked a contemporary recently, and certainly this is the keynote to fashions of the period.

The French bathing-dresses are very neat and comfortable when not made too elaborately. A recent number of the *Revue de la Mode* gives a series of becoming bathing costumes. No. 1 is a blouse just below the knee, made of sailor blue serge, with a white band at the hem, and a narrow quilling round the skirt; the bodice turned back over a plastron of white serge, on which is embroidered an anchor in red; the full trousers, which come down mid-leg, and the short sleeves are trimmed to match. A Normandy cap of white serge protects the head when needed, but is usually dispensed with by English girls. Another bathing costume is of blue and red serge, stylish, very much too heavy for anything but a morning stroll in the sea, as the blouse is pleated so thickly that it holds the water, and impedes the movements of the wearer if she attempts to swim. For children under ten nothing is better than a combination garment of blue serge, cut low in the neck, and with very short drawers. Thus attired, have the little ones taught to swim, as they soon will do like ducks. A swim, even twice a day, is much better for children than the dangerous and pernicious practice of paddling for hours together until the little feet are blue, and congestion of the lungs or brain too often is the result.

The Grannie bonnets have had their day, and are so caricatured in trumpery materials, especially at the popular sea-side places, that they will only be tolerated by those artistic personages who affect the Kate Greenaway style for their children. Very pretty turn-down hats of light open straw, lined with white gathered muslin, and trimmed with a large bow of ribbon to match their frocks, are very comfortable. Every juvenile *trousseau* for the seaside should contain one or more costumes of pure wool serge, made with kiltings and simply trimmed with braid, for rough or chilly weather, and a good supply of stockings, with double knees, toes, and ankles.

Very stylish washing frocks may, with the help of a good pattern, be made at home at a very moderate cost. Minute checks or stripes, in delicate colours, made of cambric, oatmeal cloth, or zephyr cloth, trimmed with their own material, or English embroidery, and that sparingly ; lace should not be used for holiday frocks, as it tears so easily and gets the wearer into trouble. Canvas shoes are better for the sea shore than sand boots, as they do not shrink and are more easily dried.

Feathers should only be worn on full-dress occasions, either by children or adults, as the sea air speedily takes out the curl.—The same materials as those mentioned above will be found cool and agreeable for grown-up girls who go to the country or seaside to enjoy a holiday, not to display elaborate toilettes. We were one season at a lovely watering-place in North Devon, where many of the leading members of fashionable society in London were the owners of charming villas ; they came thither for enjoyment and freedom ; without exception, unless for special *fêtes* or garden parties, they wore the same costume from breakfast till they dressed for dinner, of the simplest description.—Although young ladies, like Bo-peep's sheep, "leave their tails behind them" when they quit London, the underskirts are apt to get draggled and limp before the polonaise or tunic, hence it is well to have a black silk, or dark-coloured satin short skirt, with which to finish out the muslin tops. The most beautiful of all summer trimmings may be indulged in—namely, real flowers. What can look prettier than a costume of ivory white, silver grey, dove-coloured, pale pink, or blue sateen or zephyr cloth, tastefully made with guaging and honeycombing *ad libitum*, and a shoulder knot of roses, mignonette, or other sweet flowers the same in the hat and on the sunshade? Those of our readers who prefer brighter hues can indulge in terra-cotta, the deepest of reds, and every imaginable shade of yellow, from the darkest orange to the palest cream.

As to hats and bonnets, sensible people wear them large and shady, which is not at all incompatible with stylishness, as, for example, the Rubens and Rembrandts, made in lace or light straw ; the close-fitting capote is still in favour, but our readers who redder or become quickly bronzed by the sun or sea air will do well to leave these small head-dresses at home, lest, to their dismay, they should find themselves, at the end of a picnic or water-party, like Red Indians, and even with blistered faces and crimson noses! This is no exaggeration on our part, as the more delicate the complexion the more easily it becomes injured, and we have come across scores of such misadventures by sea and land. There are plenty of pretty and becoming shapes for middle-aged or elderly folks who cannot wear striking hats or bonnets, and yet like to be shaded ; black or white lace straw trimmed and lined with satin, or bonnets of Spanish lace always look well, and a pinch here or a nip there will make them suit any face.

We recently saw a number of charming costumes at an evening outdoor *réveille*, in which, thanks in a great part to Worth, velvet was a leading feature. Even during the height of midsummer there is a freshness in the air at midnight which is highly dangerous to delicate natures after the heat of the day. A costume for a married lady was of light violet velvet, with a plain skirt and short train, under which was a muslin *balayeuse* edged with white Honiton lace ; long redingote of stamped velvet, a shade darker than the skirt, outlined with silver thread, *fichu* and ruffles of Honiton lace ; bonnet to match, with real pansies and ferns as the only ornament.—Another costume was of striped black and white, velvet bonnet to match ; for these occasions the small capote is more appropriate than the larger style of headgear. A very stylish costume was of amber satin, with a flounce three-quarters of yard deep of black *passementerie* richly worked in jet, an over-dress of black Spanish lace, on the head was a Spanish mantilla, very elegantly draped ; a deep crimson rose and foliage fastened one corner of the mantilla on the shoulder, whilst a pale yellow rose was placed in the hair just above the left ear. This style is very pretty for evening *fêtes* ; it may be carried out in any colour with black or white lace.—A polonaise of claret-coloured velvet, opened over a starch-blue brocaded satin petticoat, a velvet and lace small hat edged with pearls, high Elizabethan ruff, which suited the wearer, who had a long thin throat, but was most unbecoming to more than one short-necked dame who had adopted this trying mode. A remarkably attractive dress was of ivory-white Madras muslin, with a stamped velvet coat of the same hue ; dainty little bonnet, covered with roses. There were some very effective costumes of white or black silk, velvet, or satin beautifully painted by hand, on the front breadth, bodice, and cuffs.

White silk gauze is much worn by young people, profusely trimmed with lace ; three flounces are again in fashion, they have rather a formal effect unless some drapery is worn over them to break the lines.

Boots made of the same material as the dress are again in favour, although shoes are not out of fashion. We are glad to find that the narrow-pointed toes are going out ; they are not only disfiguring but bad for the health.

Parasols and fans are very large, and most elaborately trimmed, the former either with cascades of lace or hand-painted flowers, the latter embroidered or painted sometimes with huge sunflowers, which have a very vulgar effect, at other times they are veritable works of art.



ONE who writes in *Blackwood*, and also in the *Fortnightly* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, must be a man of no particular politics ; and hence we are not surprised to find Mr. V. Chirol, some of whose "Twixt Greek and Turk" (*Blackwood*) is reprinted from one or other of these sources, disclaiming all idea of being a Philo-Turk or Philo-anyone. The Mussulman theocracy he believes is doomed, at least in Europe ; but he certainly finds things very pleasant "under the shadow of Olympus," in the Vale of Tempé, and, indeed, through almost his whole wanderings. Officials vie with one another in courtesy and something more. It is not every traveller to whom the Vali will hand a free railway pass to console him for not being allowed to go by a more picturesque but brigand-haunted road. Hidayet Bey, Mushir of Epirus and Thessaly, an "Old Turk," is as popular as such a worthy man ought to be ; while Khalil Bey, Mutasserriff of Larissa, a "Young Turk," has learned the virtues and not the vices of the West. If the Thessalians were wise, they certainly would not wish to change such rulers for the scheming politicians of Athens. It is the same in Albania, where the Bey who owns Turkopoluro lets his villagers do much as they please, and proud they are that they may carry arms while the Greek peasants to the south of them may not. At Parga, again, the pirates who used in Byron's day to teach the pale Franks unpleasant lessons are extinct, and "Mussulman and Christian live in good-natured amity." Indeed it is delicious to find Pashas and Greek archbishops falling gushingly into one another's arms, and to be introduced to a wedding-supper, where "Greek lambs waltzed with Turkish wolves, and looked very much as if they would like to be run away with." Mr. Chirol believes in the Albanian League, and thinks that nothing but the fear of Greek invasion prevented it from uniting the whole Albanian nation. Certainly the young Greek officer who prophesied that ten years after annexation the land would be full of railways, hotels, theatres, and newspapers, was enough to frighten any Philo-Albanian. Fancy the one picturesque corner of Europe being reduced to average dulness. Fortunately it will be hard to spoil the grand scenery ; and this Mr. Chirol describes *con amore*. At Suli, in the wildest of the wilds, he was met with the results of Mr. Gladstone's policy ; the Turkish officer had stringent orders, against which the *bougonrouldu* of the Governor of Yanina was unavailing, to let no stranger inside his fortress. We are glad Mr. Chirol reprinted his pleasant and suggestive papers.

The Rev. Walter Gregor assures us that nearly all his "Folk-Lore of the North-East of Scotland" (Elliot Stock), the new volume of the Folk-Lore Society, has been gathered by himself from the mouths of the people. Like all good collectors, he has been all his life in the habit of making a note of anything noteworthy. Of course much of this lore is common to other countries ; though Mr. Gregor abstains from giving parallel customs or sayings, except a few Russian and Italian. East Scotland had its "quarterers," regular beggars, received with honour, as bearers of the latest news and bringers of new remedies. The people's fairy-lore was much like that of their neighbours. They believed in changelings as devoutly as ever did Kerry or Glamorgan peasant. The whirlwind that raises the dust on roads they called "a furl o' fairies' ween ;" a West of Ireland man would call it by another name, but would attribute it to the same cause. The hare that can only be hit with a crooked sixpence is or was found in Wales or Devon as well as in Abershire. The plan of increasing your supply of milk at your neighbour's expense, by gathering the dew off his pasture and rinsing the milk-pails therewith is, as far as we know, unique. The Society is doing good work in publishing books like this.

No part of India is so interesting as the North-West. It is to Bengal what Wales or Northern Scotland is to Lincolnshire ; and it has, moreover, its share of famous cities round which the romance of history clings even in these prosaic days. Mrs. Guthrie takes us to Aramednugger, Dharwar, Belgaum, and, in the Deccan, to Beejapur and Hyderabad with its tombs and minarets. But, though she graphically describes places which will be new to many readers, her book really answers to its title. "Life in Western India" (Hurst and Blackett) tells us how the Mahrattas live and how she lived among them ; it is full also of pictures of animal and vegetable life. Mrs. Guthrie finds no lack of singing birds in India ; stranger still, she thinks, like Mr. Grant Duff, that some Hindoo aries are exceedingly beautiful. How the Mahratta women used to wrestle, often beating the men ; how St. Francis Xavier's body still draws crowds of pilgrims to Goa ; how the Hindoos take their tonic by feeding a cow on strychnos leaves and then drinking the milk ; how the *pinjarapole*, asylum for living creatures, thrives as it did in the old Portuguese days, even weevil-smitten corn being brought there instead of being destroyed ; how monkeys, willing enough to play with natives when no European is in sight, turn away with scorn from their black friends as soon as a white face appears —such is the staple of Mrs. Guthrie's book. There is a delightful freshness about most of her chapters ; and her sketch of the Basle missionary who, without meaning any harm, calls a Brahmin a liar and a sinner, and is therefore supposed to have had a dose of strong waters, shows a keen sense of humour.

That, while the land is such a literally burning question, Mr. Standish O'Grady should sit at home in Dublin discussing the point where fact fades into myth in the early annals of his island, reminds us, not indeed of Nero fiddling, but of Archimedes working at his problems after the Romans had burst into his city. We wish, however, that his "History of Ireland, Critical and Philosophical," Vol. I. (Sampson Low, London ; Ponsonby, Dublin), was likely to be largely read in England ; for no one can understand the Irish difficulty without recognising the strange hold which this kind of literature has upon the native mind. One never finds a Midlander enthusiastic about Mercian kings ; Mr. Freeman is almost the only Wesssex man for whom Cymric and Ina are, more than mere names. But for the half-educated Irishman, even for the Irish peasant, Fionn and Conary Mor, and Cormac MacArt and Niall of the Hostages are very real ; and the feeling that an island where such heroes flourished is not now filling its proper position undoubtedly adds bitterness to the land-struggle. The book, therefore, commends itself to all thoughtful English readers. For the ethnologists who have got beyond the sceptical stage, and who know the extent to which fragments of fact are imbedded in myth, it offers a wide field. Such readers will, of course, study it along with the author's previously published epic, as opposed to critical, history. In the volume before us they will find reasons for hesitating to consign all the early Irish hero-kings to the limbo of Brut, and Lud, and such-like. They were not wholly invented by the bards who shaped their chronicles during the first centuries of the English invasion. Then, again, characters like Cuchullin (whose story, as we lately noticed, has been charmingly versified by Sir S. Ferguson), and Diarmuid and Graine, prove the Gaelic epic to have had much in common with that out of which grew the Arthurian romances. Mr. O'Grady believes Irish influence on the Continent to date far earlier than the age of the Saints ; Sedilius, for instance, the Court poet, he claims as an Irishman. Positive verification of the annals, he admits, goes no earlier than A.D. 358 ; but, since in this case the records are accidentally verified, he thinks we have

a fair presumption that they contain far earlier than this "a hard kernel of fact." In regard to Irish conquests in Britain, and large military organisations among the early Gaels, the reader should consult "Footprints of the Gael in Gwynedd (Anglesey)," by the present Bishop of St. David's. We trust Mr. O'Grady will find many readers ; even for the historical sceptic the creation of such a history as that of the ancient Irish is a notable phenomenon, "an important portion of the history of the Irish mind."

In "The Great Artists' Series" (Sampson Low and Co.), "Giotto," sweetest of painters, pupil of Cimabue, awakener in our own day of the pre-Raphaelite movement, has been carefully and appreciatively dealt with by Mr. H. Quilter. One is not accustomed to think of the shepherd-lad of Vespiagnano as "rough, humorous, anti-reverential ;" and we cannot admit that Mr. Quilter, who, by the way, lately discovered a Giotto bas-relief in the Sculptors' Room at the British Museum, justifies his use of the last of these epithets. No one will dispute what he says of Giotto's strong sympathy with animal life, or of the importance of the changes which he made in the Byzantine treatment of backgrounds. Giotto at his best, colouring as he always does for full daylight effect, is seen in the Arena Chapel at Padua ; the frescoes in the cloisters of S. Maria Novella, Mr. Quilter, unlike Mr. Ruskin, thinks are not Giotto's at all. He begins his book with a chapter on Italian Art in the thirteenth century, including of course some remarks on Byzantine architecture. Giotto's own strength lay, he believes, in his truthfulness and his dramatic power ; "each of his pictures is not only a scene but a situation." "Velasquez," in the same series, begins like a novel by G. R. P. James : "It is spring-time in 1623. North and south, the world roused from its winter lethargy. . . . Beside a well-known house in far-off Seville, two miles," &c. But, despite this grandiose introduction, which we could well exchange for a sketch of how painting began in Spain, Mr. Stowe gives us a very fair account of Pacheco's pupil and son-in-law. Velasquez was as unlike Giotto as it is possible for man to be. Mixed up with Royal marriages and dinners of a hundred courses, he lived in an atmosphere which, while it fed his love of portrait painting, chilled his attempts at higher Art. His religious pictures never rise to the level of his other work. Mr. Stowe discusses his relation to Murillo and to Rubens, and notes (what Ford had remarked) how continually he fails in painting female beauty. The Spanish school has always been popular in England ; our love will no longer be without knowledge if we read Mr. Stowe. That series should overlap one another is unavoidable, and the new volume of Mr. Poynter's Art text-books, "German, Flemish, and Dutch Painting" (Sampson Low and Co.), gives in brief what the "Great Artists' Series" offers in detail. It is a very useful compendium, taking us from the great German renaissance, under Theodoric of Prague and Masters Wilhelm and Stephen of Cologne, down to the revival under Cornelius and Overbeck and the vastly-overrated Kaulbach ; and again from the "painters and varlets" of the Dukes of Burgundy on to Baron Leys and Louis Gallait. From his silence about modern Dutch painters we gather that Mr. Wilmet Buxton finds none worthy to compare with the Belgians just named. Art died out (he says) with the death of popular Government after the Peace of Utrecht. Certain it is there was very little good Dutch painting, except fruit, flowers, and such like, after 1713. He is anxious to defend Jan Steen from the charge of having been a mere scot. The man who painted over five hundred pictures (two-thirds of them by the way are in England) must have been something more than a roysterer idler. Dutch masters in general have, we fancy, been misrepresented by their biographers. Let connoisseurs be careful in buying Teniers ; his pupils regularly signed their works with the name of that "Proteus of painting." We like Mr. Buxton's chapter on landscape painting, that special invention of the Netherlands—for Pauwel Bril of Antwerp was half a century before Claude. It is strange that sunny Holbein and melancholy Ruyssdael, both now so prized, should both have died in poverty and neglect. Messrs. Low will not be to blame if that art which is said to be "in the air" is not also in our minds. All the books are abundantly illustrated, the engravings being, in general, much better than they were ; though some, such as Lely's masterpiece, "The Countess of Grammont," are sad failures.

Some works of minor importance we must dismiss with but brief notice. First and foremost, as regards interest, come the "Memorials of Lord Beaconsfield" (Macmillan and Co.), a volume whose contents, wholly taken from the columns of the *Standard*, are the very succinct and generally admirable biography, and selections from the various other articles and reports published in that journal. Reproductions of newspaper matter can as a rule be very well dispensed with ; but in this instance there is a real value and usefulness in the book, and an attraction undeniably deep.—"Curiosities of Criticism" (Chatto and Windus), is a title calculated to make a reviewer pause, to say the least. Mr. Jennings' book, however, is harmless—unexceptionable. Like some other volumes of the "Mayfair Library," it contains a good deal that has been said before, with nothing particularly striking about its new dress. Various famous criticisms and their consequences, such as the "slashing" of Keats' "Endymion" in the *Quarterly*, and Mr. Ruskin's scornful hint at Mr. Whistler's "nocturnal" idiosyncrasies, are made the groundwork of a fairly readable survey of the subject of criticism in its varied ramifications.—The now indispensable "Dictionary of London" to quote Mr. Punch—has met in more quarters than one with that sincerest form of flattery called imitation. The "Dictionary of Watering Places" (L. Upcott Gill) is not a bad idea. It is divided into two parts, respectively devoted to British and foreign resorts, both seaside and inland, and including the Spas, Swiss lakes, and Continental cities. Its chief characteristics are extraordinary brevity and succinctness, and we should not recommend it as pleasant reading on a wet afternoon ; but, for its special purpose it seems admirably adapted.—If the nose is specially short and turned up, the arrangement of the hair may be "whimsical, surprising, even set off with a little disorder." At least so Mr. Lichtenfeld tells us in his "Principles of Modern Hairdressing," a little book chiefly intended, perhaps, for the long-haired sex, if we may apply the term to ladies in these too utterly aesthetic days. The volume, which is published by the author, is well illustrated, is not unentertaining ; and contains many useful hints.—We may here mention, as dealing with this, and kindred subjects, "Art in Ornament and Dress" (F. Warne and Co.), a cheap edition of M. Charles Blanc's well-known work ; of which, we observe, Mr. Lichtenfeld has made some use.

By means of the recently introduced "gelatine dry plates," Mr. Bassano has produced some photographs of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, which are eminently noteworthy, not only because they are faithful likenesses, but also because they are true works of art. The portraits, which are issued in various sizes, including a very handsome and novel one called the "Panel," were taken in the conservatory of Marlborough House, and represent the Princess in State dress, with tiara and necklace of diamonds, together with various Orders. To say that the Princess possesses right royal qualities of grace and majesty, is to repeat what everyone already knows ; but these attributes distinguish Mr. Bassano's productions in quite a remarkable way ; and that with a spontaneous liveliness very rarely seen in photographs. Altogether they do justice to the fair original—and that is saying a great deal—and reflect the highest credit on the skill of the artist.—The photographs in question have been forwarded to us by Messrs. Marion and Co.

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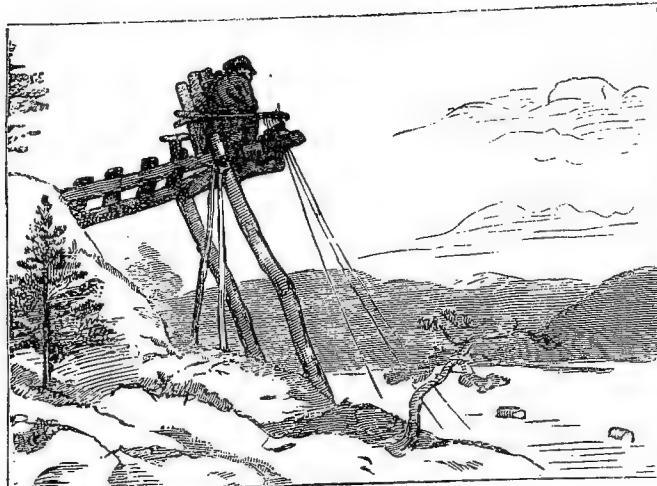
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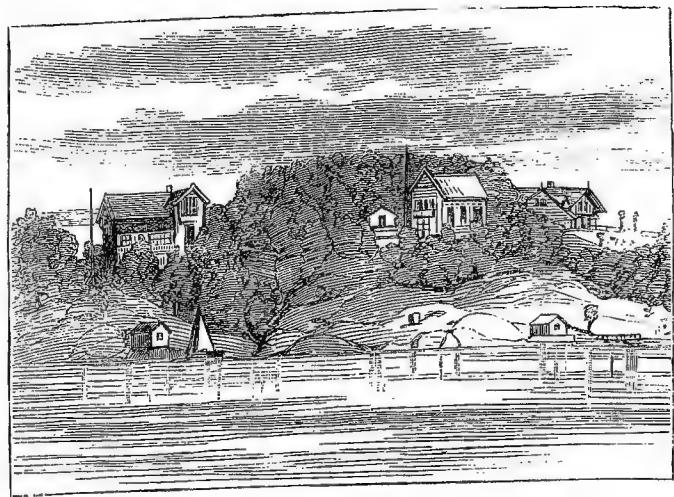
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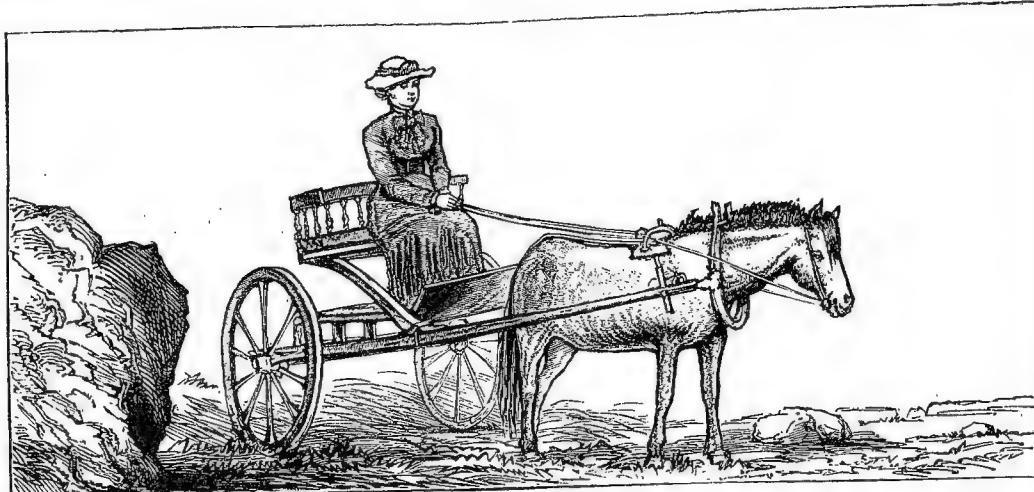
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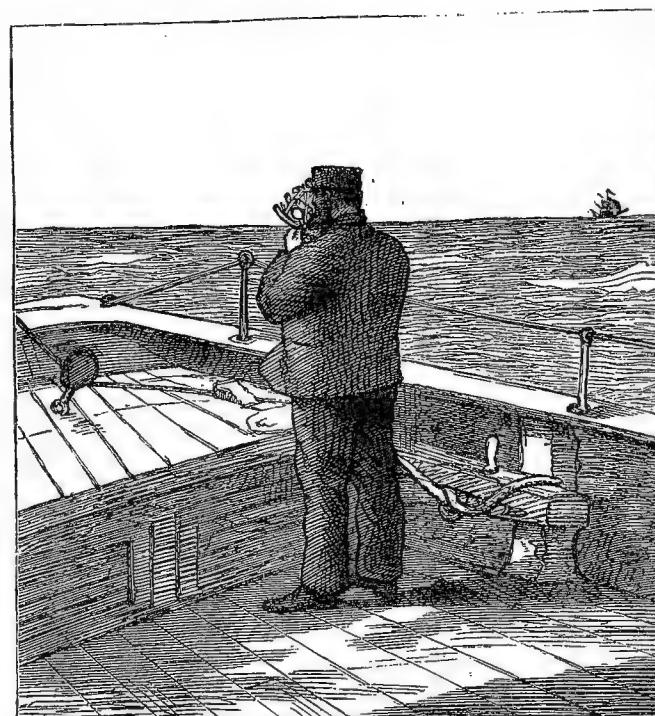
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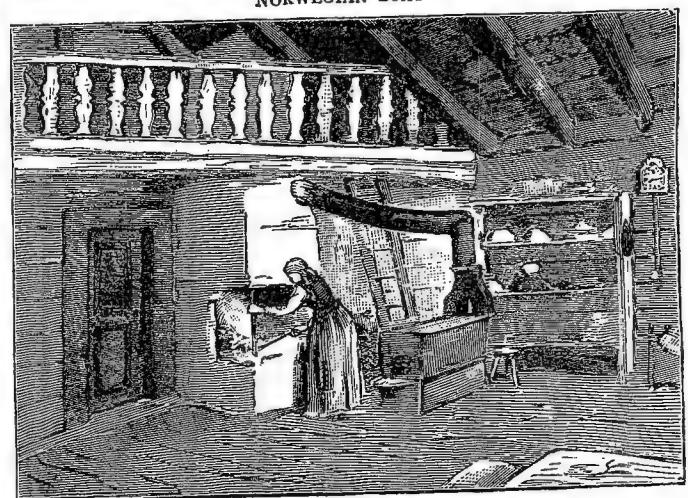
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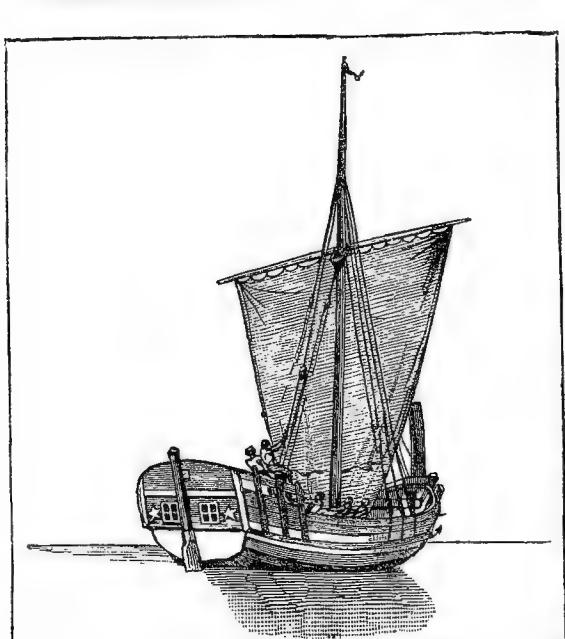
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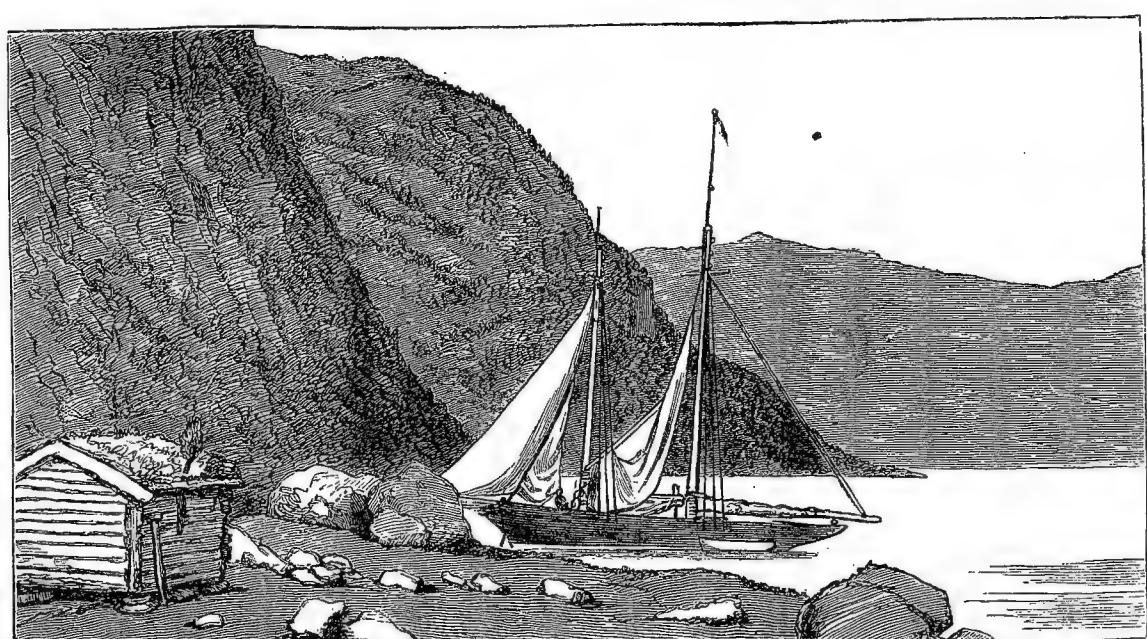
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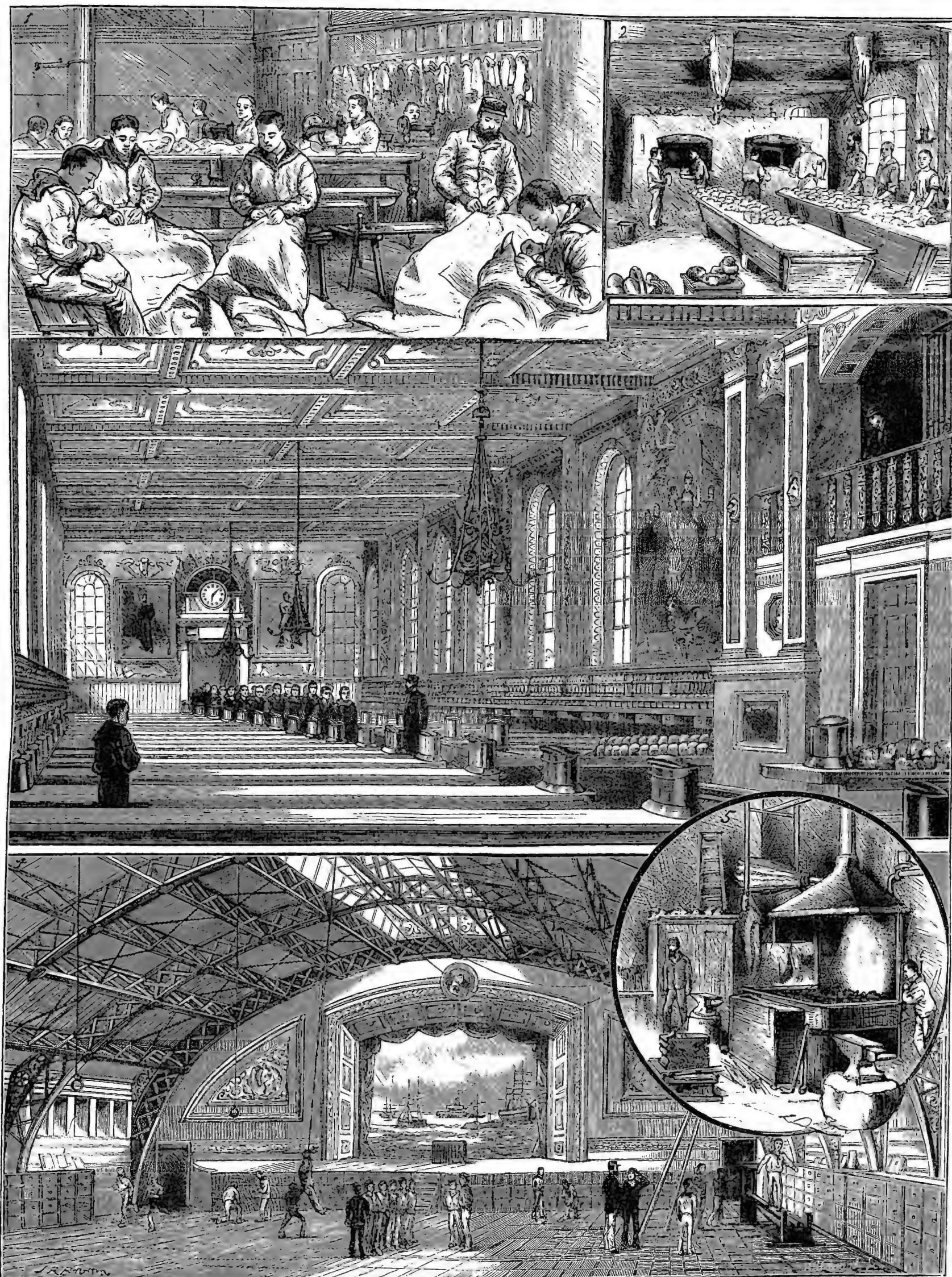
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AFFAIRS IN THE EAST.—The trial of the persons accused of the murder of Abd-ul-Aziz has taken place, and all the defendants have been found guilty. Four—a gardener and an athlete, Fahri Bey the Chamberlain, and Hadji Mehemed—were convicted of having actually taken part in the assassination, and Mahmoud Damad and Nouri Pashas, the Sultan's brothers-in-law, Midhat Pasha, and Ali and Nedjib Bey, together with some palace officials, of complicity in the deed. The trial was held in a large tent outside the walls of the Yildiz Kiosk Park, and the Court was composed of five judges, three Mahomedan and two Christian, and was presided over by Sourouri Efendi. The prosecution alleged that on the accession of ex-Sultan Murad an Extraordinary Commission was constituted, which decided not only that Abd-ul-Aziz should be assassinated, but that all the Imperial Princes should be likewise put to death. Midhat, Mahmoud Damad, and Nouri were members of this Commission, and the first part of the programme only was carried out by means of the athlete and gardener, who strangled their victim. Ali and Nedjib Bey mounted guard with drawn swords at the door of the Sultan's Chamber. The most important witnesses were the wrestler and gardener, who made a full confession, while some eunuchs and lady inmates of the Harem also deposed to having witnessed the crime. The other prisoners denied their complicity *in toto*. Mahmoud Damad defended himself, as also Midhat Pasha, who demanded permission to cross-examine the witnesses, and to summon the Embassy doctors who took part in the examination of the body, but was refused. The trial lasted two days, Monday and Tuesday, and on Wednesday the sentences were passed. Nine of the accused, including Mahmoud Damad, Nouri, and Midhat Pashas, were condemned to death, two of the palace officials, Izet and Seyd, being sentenced to penal servitude. All the prisoners have given notice of appeal.

The trial has naturally been the all-absorbing theme at Constantinople, where the proceedings have been watched with the most intense interest. Consequently there is little political news to chronicle, the only noteworthy items being that Lord Dufferin is stated to have applied to the Porte for an answer to the British Government's request for the repayment of the amount of Colonel Syng's ransom, and the promulgation of an *irade* definitively authorising Server Pasha to sign a Turk-Greek Convention for the evacuation of the ceded provinces. In the mean time the preliminary operations of the evacuation have been busily carried on.

In BULGARIA the elections for the Assembly which is to deliberate upon Prince Alexander's proposition to suspend the Constitution have been taking place this week. There is very little doubt, to judge from impartial accounts, that great official pressure has been exercised upon the electors by the authorities, and accordingly an overwhelming majority appears to have been secured in favour of the Prince. In the rural districts the elections seem to have passed off quietly, but in some of the towns, where the Prince's high-handed conduct had given great dissatisfaction, and the "Liberals" possess considerable influence, numerous disturbances are recorded, and several arrests were made. Indeed, if we are to believe the Liberal statements, coercion was carried on to such an extent that whoever gave a vote against the Government was arrested and punished. The correspondent of the *Daily News* at Giurgevo also bears witness to the arbitrary policy of the Prince, who declines to receive petitions in favour of the Constitution, while mock demonstrations of loyal enthusiasm are constantly organised, the unfortunate peasants being beaten if they refuse to obey orders.

FRANCE.—The Bill prolonging the existing Commercial Treaties for a further period of six months was brought in last week, and, the Committee appointed to consider it being in no way hostile to the prolongation, it is not probable that it will be opposed in the Chamber. The question of the new Treaty with England is very widely discussed, and Protectionist doctrines are decidedly the most favoured. Little else of interest has taken place in the Chamber save an interpellation of the Minister of Marine with regard to the conduct of certain maritime Prefects in ordering the soldiers and marines to take part in the processions of the Fête Dieu, contrary to the instructions of the Government. The Minister stated that he had severely reprimanded the chief offender, the Prefect of Lorient, for his disobedience. Both the military and naval commanders appear to have completely set at nought the instructions from the Ministry on this point, and the fact is exciting considerable attention just now, as it shows that clerical influence is by no means so dead a letter as the Republicans would fain make out. Moreover, in the Tunisian campaign the discipline of the superior officers appears to have been exceedingly lax, and they all addressed their reports to the Minister of War direct, as though there had been no Commander-in-Chief. The question is exciting considerable attention, and no little uneasiness in many quarters. On Thursday a brisk debate was expected regarding the outbreak in Algeria, where the most terrible outrages have been committed by the rebel chieftain, Bou Amema. His last exploit was a descent upon a large factory employing some 1,400 French and Spanish workmen and their families, near Saida, to the south of Oran. The workmen, having received warning of their danger, were on their way to a safer district, when the Arabs swooped down upon them, slaughtering half the men and illtreating and carrying off a large proportion of the women. The factory buildings were burnt, and the country round given up to pillage. As may be imagined, the military authorities are being brought sharply to book for permitting such a state of things, and the Press is urging a complete investigation into the matter. A large number of Spanish workmen are leaving Algeria for Spain, in consequence of the disturbed state of the colony.

In TUNIS all is comparatively quiet, although there are signs of agitation near Sfax, where there has been an assembling of hostile tribes, and where the Bey has sent 1,400 troops to keep order. There has been a significant Hava Note published with regard to the defensive preparations which the Turkish authorities are undertaking in Tripoli. The Note complains that Tripoli is making itself objectionable to the French in Africa, and is thwarting their "civilising mission in Tunis." M. St. Hilaire has also addressed a note of remonstrance to the Porte.

The Marseilles riots have come to an end, and heavy sentences have been passed upon the French offenders. Both the French and Italian authorities have done their utmost to restore order, and to calm the popular irritation, which was so freely manifested by both nations, and they have exchanged complimentary letters on the subject. Nevertheless, whatever cordiality may appear to exist between the two Governments, there is no lack of ill-feeling existing between the two peoples, and the impression that France has determined to revenge herself upon Italy for her disaster of 1870 prevails, the *Times* correspondent tells us, as much amongst "cold, calculating bankers as hot-headed politicians." "France would do well to consider the amount of hatred which she is accumulating against herself, and ponder upon the fact that the unanimity and earnestness of the recent demonstration show that to arouse Italy there would be no need for preaching a holy war." The statements of the Ministers in Parliament and of the journals with regard to the number of Italians returning home from France are completely at variance. The Italian Government, however,

have done their utmost to calm the agitation, both in and outside the Chamber. The origin of the Marseilles disturbances is still a mystery, and a French gentleman, M. Gibon, has published a letter denying that any hisses proceeded from the balcony of the Italian club, where he was standing at the time the troops passed.

In PARIS the most universal expressions of regret have been called forth by the death, at eighty-three, of that veteran statesman, M. Dufaure, whose name has been so constantly connected with many of the numerous Ministries which have risen, flourished, and decayed under the régimes of M. Thiers and Marshal MacMahon.—There is little social news, the chief topic being the long-pending action of Musurus Bey, son of the Turkish Ambassador in London, against the Comtesse de Vassyniac d'Imécourt, for the restitution of his wife, her daughter. The couple, it may be remembered, were married at a Registrar's office in London, but the Comtesse was subsequently regained possession of her daughter, and, as she was under age, shut her up in a convent. While Musurus Bey is proceeding against the Comtesse in a Paris Court, the latter is petitioning the Pope for a divorce upon the plea that the young lady possesses a weak and credulous nature, and that she had gone through the marriage ceremony before the Registrar under the impression that she was merely placing herself under British protection.

RUSSIA.—Matters do not seem to improve. Little is heard of the Czar at Peterhof, save that he continues to pursue his reactionary policy, and is now especially devoting himself to reforming the modernised army and police uniforms. The police henceforward are to wear a costume essentially Muscovite, as it will consist of a long loose coat, drawn in at the waist, high boots, and a flat sheep's wool cap, the present *pickelhaube* being abolished as far too Teutonic for a "national" official. At St. Petersburg search continues to be made for concealed mines, and General Baranoff is most energetic in his anti-revolutionist crusade, but the new repressive régime is becoming most irksome and distasteful even to the most loyally disposed classes. There is a popular saying that the nobles are now treated like peasants, and the peasants like nobles, for while the Czar is elaborating schemes for the peasants' benefit he treats the nobles with the most intense suspicion. The independent portion of the Press at St. Petersburg, which has never favoured the new order of things, is being still further curtailed in its liberty. The first proofs of all journals have now to be submitted to the Imperial censor before publication. By a new *Ukase*, executions will for the future take place, not as hitherto in public, but within the prison walls.

In the mean time the Czar is not neglecting his Central Asian policy, and has received another deputation of the Tekke Turcomans, and it is stated that one Akhal Tekke is a bearer of a letter from the Merk chieftains expressing their wish to become Russian subjects.—The Princess Milena of Montenegro has been staying at St. Petersburg. Last week a Montenegrin named Djurashkovitch asked her aide-de-camp for an audience of the Princess. This being refused, he attempted to stab the officer, who at once shot him dead. The would-be assassin had been condemned in former conspiracies, but had been pardoned by Prince Nicholas.

GERMANY.—Prince Bismarck has been very unwell with neuralgia, and has been unable to start on his visit to Kissingen. His son, Count William Bismarck, has been distinguishing himself by an able speech at a Conservative meeting at Berlin. He vigorously defended his father's policy, and warmly attacked the Progressists, accusing them of creating a more oppressive kind of Dictatorship than the Chancellor had ever been reproached with aiming at, and cited their tyrannical municipal administration of Berlin as a proof of what would become of the Empire if it were to be entrusted to their tender mercies. The Conservative cause was good, and the war cry should be "Down with the Progressist party; down with the Progressist ring; down with Progressist tyranny." He wound up his oration with an exhortation to his hearers to go to the Chancellor. "You will find then he is your best and warmest friend."

The Empress Augusta is very ill at Coblenz, where she has undergone an operation.—Poor Freiherr von Magnus, the German Minister at Copenhagen, who was suspended by Prince Bismarck for attending a banquet given to Sarah Bernhardt, has gone raving mad.—Herr Auer, the Socialist Deputy, has been arrested at Berlin, in accordance with the law which does not protect even Members of Parliament out of Session. He had inadvertently gone to the German capital on private business.

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.—The Amee Abdurrahman's recent military successes against his rival Ayoob Khan do not seem to make him any less unpopular, and *The Times* correspondent writes that he is becoming even more so at Kabul, whence stories, more or less probable, of the discovery of plots against his life are constantly reaching India. One of the latest of these is that treasonable correspondence has been detected between Sarwar Khan of Kohistan and Mir Batcha—the latter of whom was the leading spirit amongst the Afghans when Sir F. Roberts was besieged at Sherpur. At Candahar all is at present quiet, and there is no news of any further advance of Ayoob from Herat.

UNITED STATES.—The proposed visit of Mr. Parnell to the United States is not meeting with much favour, the *New York Tribune* asserting that "if he returns, it will not be for the sake of charity, but to put money into the coffers of the Land League. He may be received with noisy demonstrations by some of the Land League demonstrators, but the bulk of the American people have found him out." The *New York Times* also, remarking that America was about to be invaded by a number of Home Rulers and Land Leaguers, declares that "these gentlemen are coming upon an errand with which the native-born American has little sympathy." Mr. O'Donovan Rossa has been interviewed by a *Tribune* reporter, to whom he made the most deliberate statements of aggression, stating that "recently we have received valuable assistance from prominent Irishmen who have not before helped us. They have lost faith in Ireland's relief by peaceable means." Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, is talking about asking Dean Stanley for the remains of William Pitt, after whom the town is named.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In EGYPT the Khedive has given a grand ball to King Kalakua of the Sandwich Islands, who passed through Alexandria on his way to Europe.—In MEXICO there has been a serious accident on the Morelos Railway, owing to the fall of a stone bridge. A train, carrying a battalion of infantry, was precipitated into a chasm, and subsequently took fire; more than two hundred and fifty lives were lost. The accident is stated to have been due to an officer who, fearing that the troops might desert, prevented the driver from stopping the train.—The negotiations in the TRANSVAAL are proceeding at Pretoria. The surrender of Potchefstroom has been the chief theme of discussion during the past week, and the Boers have now placed the whole case in the hands of the Commission, and have asked to be absolved from the charge of deliberate treachery.

PRESS CENSORSHIP IN JAPAN seems as energetic as in Russia. Before any local journals are presented to the Mikado, who reads the newspapers most assiduously, all objectionable passages are carefully obliterated.

DETECTING FORGERY BY MEANS OF PHOTOGRAPHY is a new branch of industry lately practised by the Paris police. If any document has a suspicious appearance, the handwriting is immensely enlarged by photography, and compared with another production of the supposed writer, and any forgery is discovered with the utmost ease and certainty.



THE Queen will remain at Windsor for the ensuing fortnight, and will then spend a month in the Isle of Wight before going to Scotland for her usual autumn visit. The Grand Duke of Hesse has been staying with Her Majesty, and on Saturday Princess Louise and Prince Leopold arrived, while Princess Christian lunched at the Castle. In the evening the Queen gave a small dinner-party. Next morning Her Majesty, the Grand Duke of Hesse, and the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where the Rev. F. J. Holland officiated. Princess Louise and Prince Leopold left the Castle on Monday morning, when the Queen gave audiences to Mr. Gladstone and to Earl Sydney, who presented an address from the House of Lords. The Prince and Princess of Wales lunched with Her Majesty, returning afterwards to London, accompanied by the Grand Duke of Hesse, and in the evening Prince and Princess Christian joined the Royal party at dinner. Tuesday was the forty-third anniversary of Her Majesty's coronation, and was observed with the usual honours. In the afternoon the Princesses Victoria and Elizabeth of Hesse left the Castle on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales. The Queen will shortly hold an investiture of the Bath and other Orders.

The Prince of Wales on Saturday attended a meeting of the Trustees of the British Museum, and afterwards accompanied the Princess and his daughters to the Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall. In the evening the Prince and Princess dined with Lady Molesworth. Next morning they attended Divine Service, and in the afternoon the Princess and her daughters, with the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their children went to the Flower Service at Berkeley Chapel, where the young Princes and Princesses presented fruit and flowers. Subsequently the Princess and her daughters visited the Bloomsbury Hospital for Children with Hip Disease, where they distributed the flowers and fruit offered during the service, speaking to each child. The Princess has permitted the Institution to be renamed the Alexandra Hospital for Hip Disease in Childhood. On Monday the Prince and Princess lunched with the Queen, and visited the ex-Empress Eugénie at Coombe Cottage, returning to town with the Grand Duke of Hesse to go to the French Plays at the Gaiety Theatre, and to attend Mrs. Villebois' ball. Princesses Victoria and Elizabeth of Hesse arrived on a visit on Tuesday, and in the evening the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Grand Duke of Hesse dined with the Earl and Countess of Wilton. On Wednesday the Prince and Princess opened the new Marylebone Infirmary at Notting Hill, where they were received by the Committee and a guard of honour, and presented with the usual address, and the Prince having declared the institution open, the Royal party inspected the building. In the evening the Prince and Princess were present at the State Concert at Buckingham Palace, and next day the Prince was to join the meet of the Four-in-Hand Club, and drive with them to the Ranelagh Club Grounds to visit the Pony Show.—The Prince will visit the Show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Derby on the 12th inst.—Princes Albert Victor and George have rejoined the *Bacchante* at Melbourne, where they have dined with the Governor.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have spent a short time at the Scilly Isles. They subsequently visited the Channel Islands and Cherbourg, returning to Portsmouth on Thursday. The Duke is suffering from hay asthma.—Princess Christian has been elected a Dame Chevalier of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.—Prince Leopold has been staying near Nottingham with the Duke of St. Albans at Bestwood, in order to open the new University. Arriving on Monday, he went on Tuesday to Lord Byron's home at Newstead, spent Wednesday with the Duke of Portland at Welbeck, and on Thursday opened the Nottingham University buildings with great ceremony.—The Duke of Edinburgh and the Reserve Squadron were expected at Cronstadt, where they will be met by the Emperor and the Grand Dukes in the Imperial Yacht.

The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany are expected in England about Monday next, should they not be detained by the illness of the Empress Augusta.



CITY CHURCHES.—A week or two ago it was reckoned that in fifty-seven City churches, with an annual patronage of 40,266/-, open for Divine worship, present 571 officials, not including 706 singers (mostly paid), there was only a total congregation of 3,853. Some further details of a somewhat startling nature as to these livings are again published. "Among the anomalies" (says the *Manchester Guardian*) of licensed non-residence, which in each case must have received the Bishop of London's personal sanction, Bishopsgate Street furnishes two—Mr. Deane, vicar of the demolished church which stood at the corner of Threadneedle Street, who lives at Bath, and draws 1,250/- a year; and his former neighbour, the rector of St. Ethelburga, in the same street, who receives 1,050/- a year, and lives at St. Leonard's. Canon Thomas, living at Canterbury, draws 1,000/- for his stall, and obtains 2,000/- more as Rector of All Hallows, Tower Street. Many of the City clergy live at the West End or in the suburbs; while of the Canons of St. Paul's, although four are termed Canons 'Residentary,' Canon Gregory "is the only real resident." These anomalies owe their existence to the exodus of the inhabitants from the City to Greater London. How long they will be permitted to last is a question for the future.

COURT OF ARCHES.—Application was made at the close of last week to Lord Penzance, under the Public Worship Regulation Act, against the Rev. Mr. Dale, as Rector of the United Parishes of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, Cheapside, and St. Michael Le Querne, for Ritualistic ceremonies in the Holy Communion Service, and for a monition to be issued for the payment of certain costs incurred in the suit. Mr. Dale did not appear; but on the case being called Mr. Gunsell asked his lordship not to proceed with the matter until the other costs in the same cause were taxed. Lord Penzance said he saw no reason to delay the monition prayed, and it was granted accordingly.

MODERN MARTYRS.—Prayers are asked in one of the Holborn churches for "S. Faithfull Green, Priest, who is imprisoned for obedience to the Book of Common Prayer."

CONFRATERNITY OF OUR LADY.—On Monday evening the Guild, or "Confraternity of Our Lady," was inaugurated in St. Francis Xavier's (Liverpool) Church of the Jesuit Fathers. The Guild dates back in the history of the Order of Jesus as far as the year 1563. There were three hundred candidates for admission on Monday evening, and the ceremony was witnessed by a crowded congregation.

ANGLO-JEWISH ASSOCIATION.—Baron Henry de Worms, M.P., last Sunday morning, presided at the Tenth Annual

Meeting of the Anglo-Jewish Association. Mr. Serjeant Simon, M.P., took occasion in moving a vote of thanks to the Chairman, to give some excellent advice on the subject of the persecution of Jews abroad. He said that one of the best means of delivering their brethren in foreign parts from oppression would be to infuse a manly spirit into the race themselves, educating them to act with greater consideration to their poorer brethren. They should be taught that it was ignoble and despicable to wring from the poor their hard-earned wages by charging exorbitant interest for money lent. Especially let it be understood that this usury which bad laws had compelled them to resort to was the reason why they were hated and detested in Russia. He referred also to the painful social condition in which the Jewish female population lived in Constantinople, Smyrna, and Bagdad.

JEWS IN SPAIN.—It seems strange, looking back upon the history of the Jews in Spain, to read in a Madrid telegram that a Cabinet Council, under the Presidency of the King, have expressed a wish to give a hearty welcome to the Jews who are being persecuted out of Russia. It is said that as a result of recent negotiations some sixty thousand Jews are about to settle in Spain. There is no doubt the energy and business-like habits of the Jews will do much in the immediate future to benefit the commerce of Spain.

THE Revised New Testament will not be used permanently in an English Presbyterian Church until it receives the sanction of the Synod. Dr. Donald Fraser, of Paddington, has favourably reviewed the work from the pulpit; and Dr. Thain Davidson has used it for some of the Lessons. In Scotland the New Version has not been very favourably received.

THE POPE has granted permission for a Mass to be said in the Slav dialect, greatly to the delight of the pilgrims, who spent last Sunday in Vienna.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE, the popular Irish prelate, was last Sunday the object of an affectionate demonstration at the hands of his friends and people. The members of the Waterford Confraternity of "the Sacred Heart of Jesus," headed by their Rector, the Rev. Patrick J. Sheenan, and accompanied by the Mayor of Waterford, Mr. L. A. Ryan, and several friends, visited Thurles, and presented his grace with an address in the Palace grounds. The bands of Waterford and Thurles played a number of national airs before and after the presentation. The Archbishop's reply was greatly cheered.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY.—About 25,000*l.* had been received on Wednesday afternoon by the Lord Mayor in aid of the Hospital Sunday Fund.

LAY HELPERS.—On Tuesday morning Bishop Claughton presided at a breakfast at the Sion College, London Wall, attended by a large number of the Lay Helpers for the Diocese of London. The Bishop, in the course of his address, said that the work of the Lay Helpers of London was of the greatest aid to the clergy, and was heartily welcomed by them. In the course of his duties he frequently came upon encouraging signs of the philanthropic activity of the Association.

DR. TRISTRAM, CHANCELLOR OF THE DIOCESE OF LONDON, at a Consistorial Court, held at St. Paul's Cathedral on Monday, ordered a faculty to be issued for the removal of certain tombstones, with a view to erect a mortuary in the churchyard of St. Mary, Stoke Newington.

MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.—There was a consultation held on Monday in the library of Manchester Cathedral, between the dean and canons and the churchwardens of Manchester, concerning the proposed alterations in the nave of the Cathedral. No detailed scheme has yet been issued.

FOUR MINISTERS DROWNED.—Four ministers of the Methodist Church of New Zealand, viz., the Rev. J. B. Richardson, Rev. Mr. Waterhouse, Rev. Mr. Armitage, and another, have been lost in a vessel wrecked on the Australian coast. They were the appointed representatives of the New Zealand Methodist Church at the Australian Conference.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—A second hearing of *Il Demonio* merely confirmed the impression created by the first. The excitement attaching to the presence of the composer in the orchestra was now wanting, and the opera had to appeal on its own account. The performance on the whole was better than on the previous occasion, which may be explained by the fact that the orchestra is more accustomed to Signor Bevignani's quiet but still resolute beat, than to the arbitrary and irregular sway of Herr Rubinstein, who is guided chiefly by impulse. The house was for the most part cold and apathetic, until the final duet between Tamara and the Demon, in which Madame Albani, putting forth all her artistic strength, and powerfully supported by M. Lassalle, succeeded in raising something like genuine enthusiasm. But the truth cannot be hidden. Beautiful in its way as is the conception of the Russian Michael Lermontoff, it is so handled in the operatic libretto as to leave but a pale reflex of the original, as any one may see by consulting the elegant and readable English translation of Mr. Alexander Condie Stephen, a second edition of which has just been issued. Another truth, too, should be borne in mind. However it might do for a "cantata," the poem is not amenable to musical treatment in a dramatic shape, being destitute of the dramatic element. With regard to Herr Rubinstein's share in the work enough has been said. That such music can ever become popular, in the literal acceptation of the term, it is hard to believe; nor will many be inclined to think that it faithfully reflects the spirit of the poem. Its chief fault in a strictly artistic sense is a marked indecision of style which prevents it from being classed under any recognised category. That it contains piquant and attractive passages, as well as some highly expressive, is unquestionable; but these hardly atone for its fragmentary character, want of balance, and a prevalent dulness that overhangs the whole. Nevertheless, amateurs are indebted to the Covent Garden management for having brought forward *Il Demonio* at such pains and expense, if only because it has enabled them to form some notion of Herr Rubinstein's capacity as a composer for the stage, or because it has afforded Madame Albani a fresh opportunity of showing what a genuine artist she is. At the same time sincere admirers of this consummate vocalist must hope that she will not incur the risk of damaging such a voice as her's by too frequent exertion in music so trying, and in many instances ungrateful. She has, it is true, triumphed over its difficulties, and, having done so, it would be wise on her part to relinquish it in favour of others with organs more robust if less purely musical than her own. In the art of writing for voices the superiority of M. Gounod over Herr Rubinstein could not have been more convincingly demonstrated than in the opera of *Romeo et Juliette*. Here everything is vocal from the first scene to the last, and among its leading parts not one so more than that of the heroine, of which Madame Adelina Patti is the peerless representative. This following immediately upon the production of *Il Demonio* gave a fair opportunity for comparison; and it must be

admitted that the comparison was by no means favourable to *Il Demonio*, to which, despite inequalities, it is essentially superior. To say nothing more, the fourth act of *Romeo et Juliette*—the scene of the last interview between the fate-stricken lovers until the one which witnesses the death of both, the consultation with Friar Lawrence, the swallowing of the sleeping draught, and the imagined death of Juliet—is worthy of Gounod at his best, and the surprise is that, with such an act alone, the opera is so rarely performed, even with Madame Patti at disposal. Often as the gifted lady has played Juliet in London, she has seldom played it more forcibly, more poetically, or sung the music with more exquisite feeling than on the present occasion, never shown more uncontestedly that great as is her vocal power her histrionic genius is on a par with it. Signor Nicolini acted the part of Romeo with real earnestness; Signor Cotogni was the Mercutio with whom we are agreeably acquainted, failing, as usual, however, to make much effect with the "Queen Mab" song, which, besides being unsymmetrical in construction, is unduly elaborated in its orchestral accompaniment. The best Friar Lawrence we can remember is beyond comparison Signor De Reske, while M. Dauphin is a straightforward and hearty Capulet. Taken for all in all, the performance was decidedly effective; but *Romeo et Juliette* deserves more careful rehearsal and more frequent performances during the season, no opera containing so much genuine music, with the exception of Bizet's *Carmen*, having been written since its production in the Rue Lepelletier, many years ago. After *Il Demonio* its suave and happily developed melodies were like manna in the wilderness. For to-night we are promised Donizetti's now seldom heard *Linda di Chamouni*, with Madame Patti as the village heroine.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Better late than never. *Mefistofele*, which it would have been wise to give at the commencement of Madame Christine Nilsson's engagement, has at length been reproduced, to the undisguised satisfaction of Mr. Mapleson's subscribers and the operatic public. Though not among those worshippers of "something new" *quand même*, who place Boito's work higher than that of Gounod bearing the more congenial title of *Faust*, we are by no means blind to its exceptional merits. The fact of the Italian composer being his own librettist is rather to his disadvantage than otherwise, his attempt to fuse the first and second parts of Goethe's poem, which dramatically have absolutely nothing to say to each other, into one medium for operatic treatment being by no means fortunate—so little so, indeed, that few but the "initiated" can understand the aim of the sequel to the Gretchen episode. By the "initiated" is meant the idolators of Wagnerism, who, stumbling upon anything out of the ordinary track, jump at once to the conclusion that the origin must be Wagner, the source whence all modern inspiration springs. They entertain, nevertheless, but a questionable estimate of their idol; for, in whatever light Wagner may be regarded, he moves amid the greater number of those accredited as his most immediate disciples like a giant among pygmies, and, above of all, is a dramatic poet, who never would have made such an *olla* out of the "entire *Faust*," had the task of dramatising it for music been imposed upon him. Despite these objections, however, the *Mefistofele* of Boito has found favour in London, as it has found favour elsewhere, and this is undoubtedly in a large measure due to Madame Nilsson's wonderfully fine impersonation of Margaret—a Margaret, it cannot be denied, much more like the Margaret of Goethe than the Margaret of Gounod's librettists, MM. Barbier and Carré. Madame Nilsson's performance not only retains the charm which last year held spell-bound every intelligent looker-on, but has even gained in natural expression and impassioned intensity, where either is required to give the situation its fullest significance. The scene of Margaret's death, as portrayed by this admirable artist, is eminently impressive; she allows her imagination free scope, and the result is a masterpiece. Signor Campanini is thoroughly at home as Faust, a part upon which he must have devoted long and assiduous study; while Signor Nannetti's Mephistopheles brings out a character by no means easy to delineate in vivid and picturesque relief. He is the accepted *Mefistofele* of his own country, as of Boito himself, and well merits the distinction he has earned. Mdlle. Anna di Belocca, as Martha, does all that could be wished for that small but by no means uninteresting character. In the last act, as much a supplement as the first is a prologue, the same artists appear—Madame Nilsson in the classical guise of Helen of Troy, Signors Campanini and Nannetti as the personages already made familiar to the audience. In this division of the opera the Swedish songstress has little more to do than to look handsome, move gracefully about the stage, and sing a very tuneful duet with Mdlle. Belocca (*Pantalis*)—all of which she does, of course, in perfection. The performance for the most part, under the direction of Signor Ardit, is remarkably effective, but the details, being precisely the same as when the opera was produced last summer, require no fresh description. The opera proved again an unequivocal success, and will doubtless increase in attraction as it becomes more and more familiar. Mdlle. Emma Juch, whose *début* as Filina (*Mignon*) was duly noticed, has appealed to public favour in a much more responsible character—that of the heroine of *La Traviata*. It was not to be expected that so young an aspirant could fulfil all the conditions, vocal and dramatic, that devolve upon the assumption of such a part. She nevertheless did much to justify the attempt, and by the aid of a voice of extremely agreeable quality (a pure soprano) and considerable flexibility, prepossessing appearance, and uniform intelligence, won the sympathies of the audience, who encouraged her throughout with applause, thus helping her efforts in the most material sense. Amateurs will look forward to much more from this young lady, and it is not likely they will be disappointed. The other leading parts were sustained by Signors Ravelli and Galassi (Alfredo and Germont). The opera announced for this evening is *Lohengrin*, with Madame Nilsson as Elsa, and Signor Campanini, who, as the Knight of the Swan, first introduced Wagner's famous opera to Italy.

HERR RICHTER.—The Richter concerts were brought to a conclusion on Monday night, in St. James's Hall, with a second performance of Beethoven's great *Missa Solemnis* in D, which was just as warmly received as the first, on the Thursday previous. What has distinguished this series of performances from its precursor, a twelvemonth since, is the greater variety given to the programmes on recent occasions, more of Wagner and Beethoven being included than was the case at the outset. This acceptable innovation will, it is understood, be made a prominent feature of the concerts in 1882, when Herr Richter is also to conduct operatic representations of German opera in the German language, at Drury Lane Theatre. The great conductor has returned to Vienna, where his influence is paramount, and where he means to introduce the new English symphony in C minor, by Mr. F. H. Cowen. His artistic merit and winning social qualities have gained him hosts of friends in this country, his return to which, next year, will be anxiously looked forward to.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S ANNUAL CONCERT.—At this concert (the forty-sixth of the veteran composer), which took place on Wednesday at St. James's Hall, a most enjoyable entertainment was provided, though Madame Sophie Menter was prevented by illness from appearing. Mesdames Sembrich, Trebelli, Albani, and Patey; Signors Gayarré, Lassalle, and Mr. Santley were among the singers. Mr. Henry Irving recited a dismal but thrilling ballad called "The Uncle," substituting as an encore a comic poem anent the lives of two school boys; while Madame Sarah Bernhardt read a pretty French poem, "Les Deux Mères," by M. Ernest Legouvé.



A "NEW and poetical play, in five acts," entitled *Too Late*, produced at the GLOBE THEATRE on Wednesday afternoon, so far from justifying the description of the playbill, proved to be substantially identical in story, characters, and incidents with a drama called *A Republican Marriage*, brought out about three years ago at the Olympic Theatre, with Mr. Henry Neville and Miss Marion Terry in the leading characters. The explanation is that both pieces are unacknowledged adaptations of M. Lormon's *Jean Dacier*, a poetical play produced at the Théâtre Français with some success in 1877. The latest adaptor, Mr. G. F. Thomson, has rendered the Alexandrines of the original into fairly smooth blank verse, but notwithstanding the advantage of a strong dramatic story his piece failed to awaken any great interest, chiefly owing to the general feebleness of the representation.

Mdlle. Sarah Bernhardt took her farewell of London for the present season on Saturday last, when she appeared again, both in the afternoon and evening, in the character of Marguerite Gauthier in *La Dame aux Camélias* before large audiences. Her departure has been followed by the appearance of the Renaissance company, of which Mdlle. Jeanne Granier is the bright particular star. They have performed this week *Le Petit Duc* and *Girofle-Girofia*, both comic operas well known to our stage.

Miss Millward, daughter of Mr. Charles Millward, the dramatic author, made her first public appearance on the stage on Saturday afternoon at the FOLLY THEATRE as Constance Warburton in Mr. Wybert Reeve's comedy-drama entitled *Won at Last*, and as Helen in a scene from Sheridan Knowles's play of *The Hunchback*. Miss Millward made in both characters a favourable impression, and it is understood that she will shortly become a member of the regular company of the Folly.

At the dinner given by the Lord Mayor on Saturday evening to "the Representatives of Literature," every department of the world of letters was included in the special toast proposed from the chair except the drama. The omission was certainly not due to the absence of guests qualified to respond, for there were present on the occasion Mr. W. S. Gilbert, Mr. F. C. Burnand, Mr. W. G. Wills, Mr. Herman Merivale, Mr. Albery, Mr. Robert Reece, Mr. Palgrave Simpson, Mr. Bronson Howard, Mr. Frank Marshall, and other gentlemen whose names are well known to the public in connection with the stage.

Mr. Irving has acquired the right to perform Mr. Wills's beautiful play of *Olivia*, which it is expected will be reproduced at the Lyceum next season, with Miss Terry in her original part as played by her at the Court Theatre. Mr. Irving, it is stated, will take the part of Dr. Primrose.—The Lyceum will be closed on the day of the grand review at Windsor, Saturday, July 9th.—Mr. G. R. Sims has written for Mr. Wilson Barrett a new drama, entitled *The Outcasts*, which will be produced at the Princess's Theatre in the autumn.



THE TURF.—Various meetings this week, including noisy Newcastle and aristocratic Stockbridge, have divided turfites, and the gatherings have suffered accordingly, both in the attendance of manflesh and horseflesh. Newcastle races, which will probably be run on the famous Town Moor for the last time, as the new course will be the future scene of action, were hardly up to their usual standard, notwithstanding the traditional attractions of the Northumberland Plate, known in the vernacular as the "Pitmen's Derby." On the opening day the Duke of Montrose's useful Strathblane won the Blagdon Welter in a canter; and Ollerston was found good enough to take the North Derby for three-year-olds from six moderate opponents. Ever since wagering began on the Northumberland Plate, Bonnie Doon, on the strength of his running third to Peter in the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot, has been strongly supported for that event, and since the scratching of the unbeaten Irish colt Barcaldine has been first favourite. As such, with only 5 to 4 against him, he started on Wednesday in a field of nine, and won easily enough, thus endorsing his victory last week in the Great Newton Cup. There is always satisfaction in a favourite running up to his previous form. The withdrawal of Barcaldine was an unpleasant episode. At Four Oaks (Birmingham) meeting, on Tuesday, Archer had five mounts, and won each time, and he scored three times on the following day. His followers seem likely to have a fair time of it this season. Up to and including June 24, he had won 74 races out of 189 mounts, thus heading the list of winning jockeys. Wood comes next with 50 wins out of 176 mounts, and Fordham third, with 31 out of 146.—*Re "tipping."* A fortune is not to be won by following any professional "tipster," or "Sporting Prophet," but sometimes one of the fraternity is pretty well "on the nail." Last week, for the second day of the Windsor meeting, "Augur" of the *Sporting Life*, gave the winner of six successive events, an unbroken series, or, in other words, he achieved a "double martingale." If a backer had started with a sovereign, and "run it through" on these tips, he would have realised over 50*l.*!

CRICKET.—Grand weather, generally speaking, has continued for this game since our last Notes, players not having been dazzled with too brilliant sunshine or troubled by excessive heat.—A fairly strong All England Eleven has failed to beat Sixteen of Leicestershire, who won by 74 runs.—At Prince's the Eton Ramblers have beaten the Household Brigade by an innings and 132 runs, Mr. C. T. Hoare for the former scoring 61.—At Trent Bridge Ground the "new" Nottingham Eleven has been defeated by Yorkshire in one innings, as might have been expected. Still they got Yorkshire out for 113, a very creditable performance; but their own totals were only 71 and 35.—Another one innings defeat (with 141 runs to spare) has been experienced by Derbyshire, which we must be pardoned for saying has no pretensions to play such a county as Lancashire. For the latter Mr. Hornby made another of his grand scores, putting together 145 with only two hard chances given. The total of Lancashire's innings was 248, while Derbyshire only managed 48 and 50.—The grand match of the week has (with the exception of Gentlemen v. Players at the Oval—to late to make a note of) been the annual struggle between the rival Blues at Lord's. Early in the season Cambridge was considered almost "a certainty," but the recent trial matches of Oxford, especially those in London, showed that the Dark Blues would be more than formidable rivals. And so it has turned out. The opening day, Monday, was rather dull and rainy, but the two following were all that could be desired. Oxford won the toss and went in first, and put together 131, of which Trevor contributed 41 and Mr. Kemp, the wicket-keeper, 29 in excellent style, carrying out his bat amid great cheering. Cambridge began badly, losing G. B. Studd from Evans' first ball,

(Continued on page 22)



THE TRANSVAAL PEACE NEGOTIATIONS—COCKRAN'S FARM, NEAR NEWCASTLE, OCCUPIED BY SIR HERCULES ROBINSON,
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COMMISSION

AN INTERNATIONAL BAZAAR

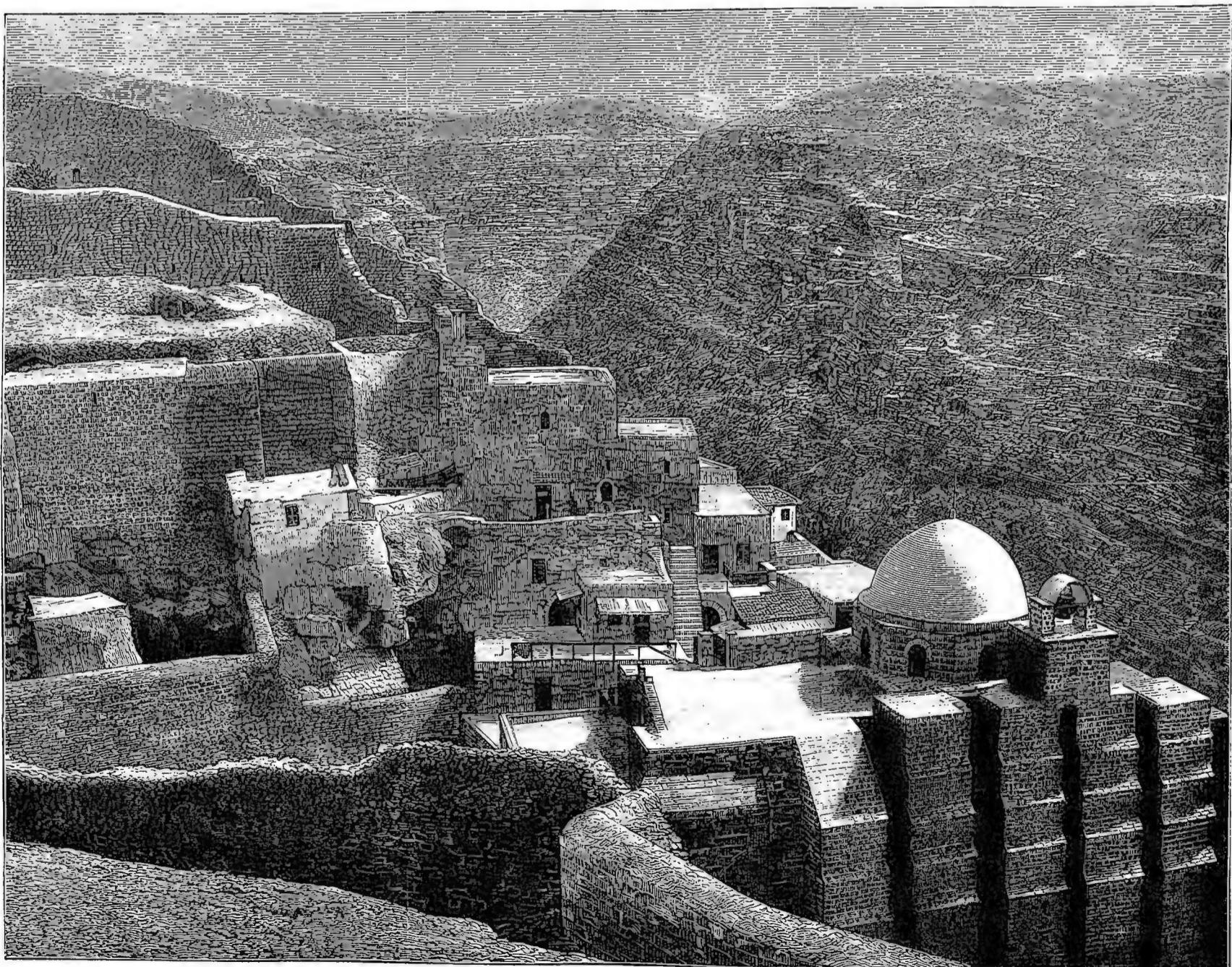
A BAZAAR AND FANCY FAIR in aid of the Society of the Friends of Foreigners in Distress was held last week at the Riding School, Knightsbridge. Like the Society in whose aid it had been organised the Bazaar was in every sense International, for not only were the stalls so constructed as to form a street in which every species of architecture was represented, but the monarchs of nearly every European nation were amongst the contributors. Thus, the Sultan sent shawls of great value, together with carpets, rugs, and jewellery, and a large collection of Turkish curios, the King of Holland sent a silver tea service, the King of Portugal contributed a painting (in faience) done by his own hand, and several volumes of his translation of Shakespeare, embellished with his autograph, and the King of Sweden and Norway a pair of vases and a model of the Church of Hitterdal. Other sovereigns sent pecuniary contributions. The street of stalls had been painted from designs furnished by Mr. Harrison Townsend, Mr. Frank Dillon, and other artists, and comprised houses from Japan and Turkey, an angle of the Tuilleries, a red brick Flemish building from Bruges, a fragment of the Moscow Kremlin, a Spanish dwelling-house from Xeres, a Swiss chalet from Langnau, and a portion of the Palazzo Spinelli at Venice, while

England was represented by a gabled and half-timbered house of the sixteenth century. The bazaar was a most deserved and complete success, and must have brought a welcome sum to the coffers of the Society, which is well worthy of the International support which it has received. Through its kindly efforts foreigners of all nations and creeds who may find themselves in need in London are relieved if on inquiry their circumstances warrant such assistance. More than 3,000 cases were thus aided last year. The Secretary of the Society is Mr. W. Charles Laurie, and its offices are at 10, Finsbury Chambers.

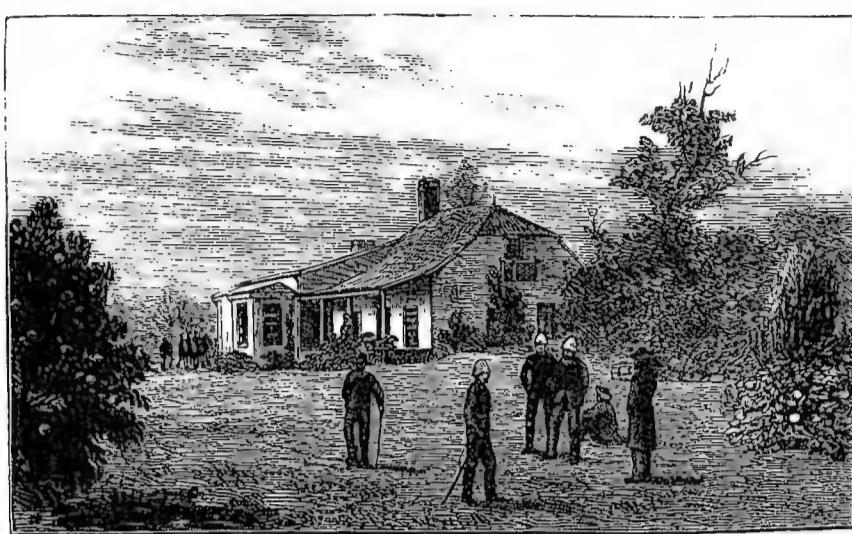
THE CONVENT OF MAR SABA, PALESTINE

THIS convent is situated about three hours' journey from Bethlehem. It was founded by a saint named Sabas, who was born in Cappadocia A.D. 439. He was famous for his learning as well as for his sanctity, by virtue of which he is stated to have worked great miracles. He attracted numerous followers, who were named Sabaites, and was created an Abbot by the Patriarch of Jerusalem. He died in 532, and his tomb is shown in the convent. The convent has been the scene of many fierce struggles. As its wealth

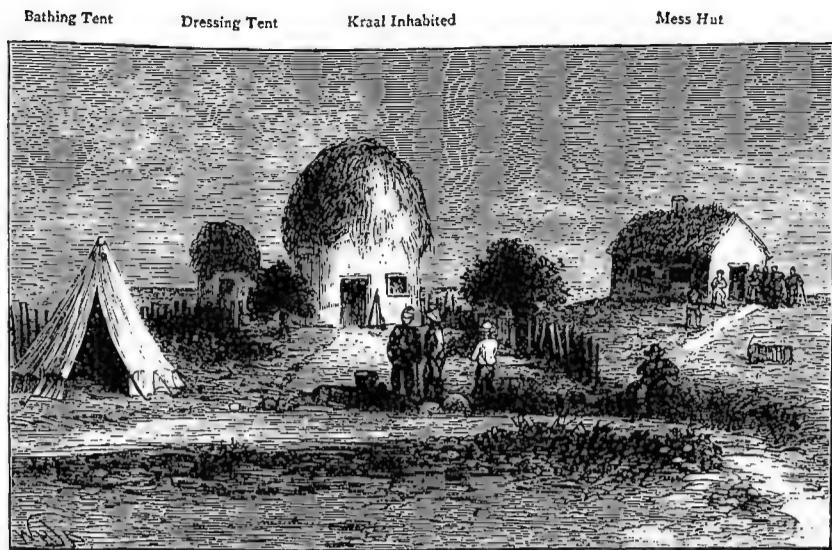
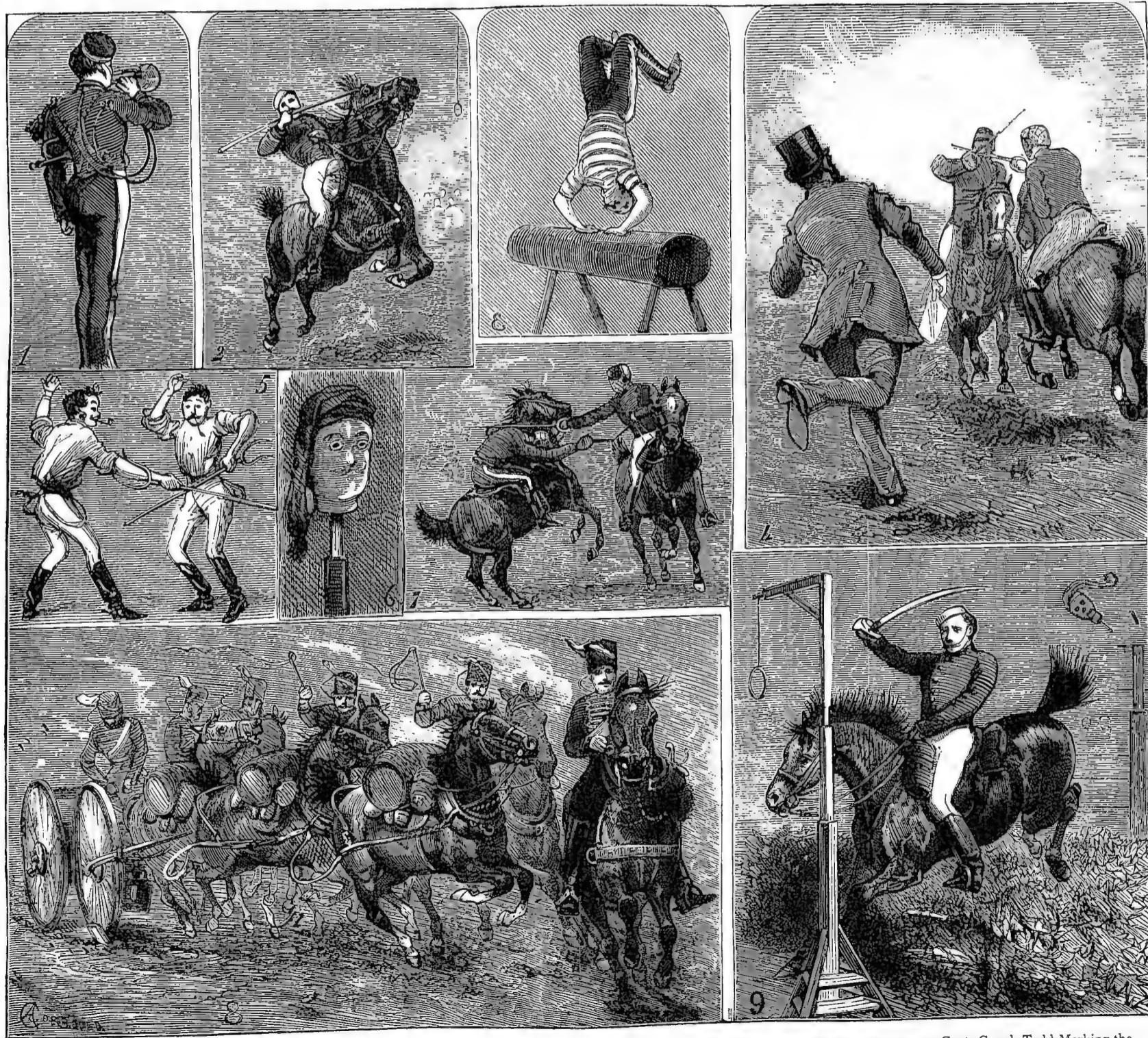
was considered enormous, it tempted the rapacity of the Persian hordes, who plundered it in 614, while for succeeding centuries it was continuously attacked, until in 1840 its defences were strengthened by the Russians. The convent is well described in Cook's "Guide to Palestine." It is situated in the midst of grand and wild scenery, utterly barren and desolate, and is a lofty and gigantic structure, built in terraces in a kind of amphitheatre in the side of the mountain, so that it is difficult to distinguish which is the natural rock, and which the building upon it. "On entering," we are told, "the visitor finds himself in one of the strangest places that human ingenuity ever contrived for a dwelling-place. It is a series of precipices, with walls of natural rock and artificial battlements. You look down at buildings and courtyards, and labyrinths of passages, and up at curious holes in the walls—with ledges in front—where are the cells and dwelling-places of the monks. The place is full of mystery. You see men walking upon these ledges of rock, and turning into these holes in the walls, and you look upon a little garden hanging in the air, as it seems, with a solitary palm-tree looking wonderingly down into the chasm, in which are more buildings and chapels and cupolas. None but the initiated could ever find his way through these mysterious labyrinths, and, once within these strong walls, woe to him who would force his way out."



THE CONVENT OF MAR SABA, PALESTINE



THE TRANSVAAL PEACE NEGOTIATIONS—HOUSE AND GARDEN, COCKRAN'S FARM

THE RECENT RISING IN THE TRANSVAAL—INTERIOR OF THE FORT AT LYDENBURG,
HELD FOR MORE THAN TWO MONTHS UNDER LIEUT. LONG, 94TH FOOT

1. "The Call."—2. Corporal Maxwell (1st Life Guards) Tilting at the Ring : A Good Seat, Ready Hand, and Steady Eye.—3. Vaulting Horse.—4. Capt. Gough Todd Marking the Hits : "The Nimble Judge."—5. A Little Private Practice.—6. Portrait of a Distinguished Foreigner.—7. "Hold."—8. Driving Competition : At the Gallop—H. Batt, 4th Brigade, R.H.A., Winning First Prize.—9. A Sight to See : Corporal Maxwell, 1st Life Guards, Doing the "Heads and Posts."

THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL

Their captain, Ivo Bligh, however, did better, and with 34 from C. T. Studd, and 34 from Ford, they made a total of 179, or 48 in advance of their opponents. On the strength of this more than 2 to 1 was laid on the Light Blues, but the layers of these odds "looked" both dark and light "blue," according to their temperament. Patterson (the Kent amateur) and Trevor commenced the Oxford second innings, and soon knocked off the balance against them on the first, and at two o'clock on the Tuesday the score stood at 66 with neither batsman out. After lunch Trevor was soon bowled, and his place filled by Leslie, who with Patterson knocked the Cambridge bowling all to pieces. When Leslie was caught the score stood at 181 runs with the loss of only two wickets. Thornton came in and added 17, and when five wickets were down the score had risen to 212. Six for 246. Seven for 250. Nine for 305, and ten for 306. Patterson carrying his bat out for a most patient and praiseworthy performance which will long be remembered in the cricketing world. On Wednesday morning Cambridge had to go in at 259 runs, not an impossibility, but an improbability. To make a long story short Cambridge could only get 123 of the required number; and thus the forty-seventh match between the Blues ended in the marked discomfiture of the lighter by 135 runs. Mr. Evans, the Oxford Captain, though he scored only 0 and 1 with his bat, was in the bowling line the hero of the match, as he "had a hand" in no less than fifteen wickets of his adversaries. His delivery, however, caused much adverse criticism, and will probably lead to the whole bowling controversy being once more reopened.

BICYCLING.—The death is announced of Mr. James Starley, who can fairly claim to be called the inventor of the "Modern" bicycle and tricycle. His remarkable career began as a boy on a farm, and he afterwards became gardener to Mr. Penn, the engineer at Greenwich. In 1855, however, he was employed in more congenial occupation in improving the Newton-Wilson Sewing Machine, and afterwards settled in Coventry, and became the foreman of the Coventry Machinists' Company. After a time he made this company famous for its improved bicycles, which gave the great impetus to modern bicycling. This year he had the honour of taking a "Coventry" tricycle, of which he was the inventor, to Osborne by order of Her Majesty.

POLO.—On Saturday last, at Hurlingham, the final match for the Open Military Cup was played off. The original entries comprised the 1st Life Guards, 4th Hussars, 16th Lancers, and the 11th Hussars, of which the second and third named had to contest the final for the Cup. After an hour's play victory resulted with the 16th Lancers, who scored three goals (all made by Captain Babington) to none.

SWIMMING.—The six days' swimming match between Captain Webb and W. Beckwith terminated on Saturday night at the Aquarium at 11 P.M. in favour of the latter, the Captain experiencing his first defeat in any match. Beckwith did 94 miles 32 laps and Webb 92 miles and 12 laps.

THE POLICE ORPHANAGE.—The first, and, it is to be hoped, the forerunner of many annual festivals of an institution that has a fair claim for support on the whole population of the metropolis, was celebrated a few days since at Strawberry Hill, Twickenham. The charity in question is the Police Orphanage, one of the special objects of which is to provide a present home and a future position of honest independence for the children of policemen who receive fatal injuries in the execution of their duty. It is only within the last few years that a movement was made for establishing such an asylum, and it is gratifying to find that it has so soon taken firm root, and is flourishing apace, as may be judged from the quality of the patrons and friends who honoured the festival with their presence. The heads of the police force were there, with Mr. Howard Vincent, and the Institution's earliest and staunchest friend, the Baroness Burdett Coutts. The Home Secretary presided, and gave away prizes to the children. In a speech in which Sir William Harcourt spoke in the highest terms of the whole Police Force, he mentioned, by way of illustrating the increasing responsibilities that devolved on the constabulary of the metropolis, that in the past year no fewer than 21,589 houses were added to London, and that there were 401 new streets and two new squares, extending over a space of seventy-one miles in length. The numerical strength of our civil protectors is 12,000 all told, which gives one policeman for every 450 of the population. The Home Secretary had something to say in justification of the detective system. The country was jealous, and justly so, of any organised system of espionage, but, said Sir William Harcourt, "people must remember if they were called to play an above board game with men who played against them with loaded dice and marked cards they must expect to be baffled and defeated." There are few who will not agree with the Home Secretary that the plain-clothes constable is a most useful member of the force, and still fewer who do not share the right hon. gentleman's opinion that detectives and uniform men have duties to perform, and do perform them in a way that entitles them to our kindly consideration, especially as regards their orphan children, left fatherless and destitute. Perhaps the portion of the Home Secretary's speech that will be read with the greatest satisfaction was his intimation that he hoped at a very early period to ask the Legislature to place on a fixed and more satisfactory footing the superannuation of the police, not only of the metropolis, but throughout the length and breadth of the entire country. It was mentioned that during the ten years the Police Orphanage had been established between one and two hundred children had been placed in situations, and that all of them were doing well.

NOON-DAY DARKNESS IN WHITECHAPEL.—It is scarcely conceivable that in these days of moral and physical enlightenment families are to be found in the very centre of the metropolis living in such horribly dark and dismal abodes that, in mid-June, it is found necessary to burn a lamp from morning until night, so that the inmates may see to attend to their domestic affairs and follow their home occupation. Such, however, is the fact. It is so stated, on the authority and according to the eye-witnessing of a member of the Spitalfields Survey Committee. The gentleman in question, speaking for his colleagues as well as himself, said recently, at a meeting of the Whitechapel Board of Works, that they had that morning seen sights that far exceeded anything the realistic novelist ever invented. For squalid little dens, not fit for brute beast to house in, enormous rents were charged—as much as 3s. 6d. weekly for one small room, and 5s. 6d. for two rooms, filthily dirty, and not larger than good-sized cupboards. The Survey Committee likewise found that in many of these places "there was no ventilation or light, and health, decency, or modesty were impossible. Spaces on the bare floors of some of the hovels were let for nightly accommodation, and both sexes without discrimination were glad to pay for the privilege of stretching themselves on the bare boards, and cases could even be cited of people who commonly slept in the passage and on the staircase." The cause of this revolting condition of things is said to be the complete failure of the Artisans Dwellings Act. In this district alone—Whitechapel—8,000 persons have been evicted; but this, instead of thinning the population, has thickened it, inasmuch as the greater part of them have somehow found lodgings with their neighbours who have not been molested. It is proper to state that at the same meeting Major Munro, a representative of Whitechapel at the Metropolitan Board of Works, denied that the overcrowding had increased since the Board had commenced pulling down the old houses. To a very large extent,

said Major Munro, the evicted people had sought accommodation in the suburbs, where rents were low, and to which access had been made easy by cheap trains. And, as undeniably corroborating his assertion, the Major quoted the Census return of the neighbourhood, which showed that the inhabitants had been correspondingly reduced in number. Matter-of-fact and practical people will, however, rather rely on the eye-witnessing of the Survey Committee than on Major Munro's figures, which may not be strictly reliable. Those who crowd their houses with lodgers are well aware that they are liable to punishment under the Common Lodging House Act. The places are not registered, and therefore the inspectors have no right to interfere with them. Hard as are the terms exacted of the poor tenants, the circumstances are such that they are only too glad to be permitted to remain, and they shrewdly suspect that to make a correct Census return would be to open the eyes of the sanitary authorities, who would probably come and make a clearance. They therefore make no return at all, and the authorities are misguided into the belief that they have removed altogether from the neighbourhood. Be this as it may, there can be no question that certain parts of Whitechapel are a disgrace to any civilised community, and that the sooner some radical remedy is applied the better it will be for the credit of all concerned, to say nothing of the public health.

NEW FISH MARKET FOR LONDON.—It is to be hoped that the agitation for fish market reform, which at last has become so loud and imperative that the Corporation of London dare no longer be deaf to it, will result in a complete change in the existing system, and not in a tinkering compromise calculated only to shut the mouths of the most clamorous. It is said that to enlarge the present market, and widen and render more convenient the approaches to it, would cost nearly two millions of money. Those who are best qualified to give an opinion on the matter incline strongly to the belief that such an enormous expenditure is quite unnecessary, and might prove mischievous. A larger market would doubtless make room for an increased number of fish salesmen, but if the new men joined hands with the old, and became co-conspirators of the "ring," the upshot would be that there would be many, instead of few, to share in the spoil, which possibly would increase accordingly. What is wanted is to break up the snug confederacy that at present rules the market, and all that pertains to it, and this can only be done by giving wider scope to the operations of the trade. There is no reason why the old market in Thames Street should not retain its present dimensions, and satisfactorily fulfil its functions without making it necessary to remodel the surrounding thoroughfares. Let Billingsgate be made to stick to the water-borne fish department, and for the scores of tons of fish that arrive daily in London by railway establish other markets east and west, north and south, of the metropolis. No one would be more grateful for the abolition of the present hole-and-corner system than the fishermen themselves. It is but little of excessive profit that comes to their nets. They are quite in the hands of the consignees, and have no possible means of ascertaining what their goods realise, or whether the "spoiling" is really unavoidable. In order to keep matters quiet, the smack masters and trawlers are kept just a little above protesting point, but there can be no doubt they would be much better off with a free and unfettered market to send their catches to. The Commission of Inquiry should keep in view that the first principle of those who make money by arranging for a fish famine is that it is much more profitable to sell a small quantity of fish at a high price than a large quantity at a small.

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

A RATHER weak and pretentious work is "Satan Bound : a Lyrical Drama," by Winsett Boulding (Bemrose and Sons). It is of the bygone school of which Bailey and Sydney Dobell were the prophets—but at a great distance. True, there are good passages, such as the "Song of the Angels," at page 37, or the chorus, "The Hour is at Hand"; but, as a whole, the piece is as prosaic as it is dull. The Prince of the Powers of Air is reduced to the level of a burlesque actor, and there is something of a jar when one of the Persons of the Trinity is introduced. Nothing but transcendent genius—to which the author has not the faintest claim,—could justify such treatment.

The author,—anonymous,—of "The Deluge : a Poem" (Elliot Stock), is evidently a very young man. There are symptoms of poetic feeling in his work, but he has yet to learn the mechanism of blank verse, and a few other things. "Octopus" should be accented on the penultimate, and "Satanas" should not. If any more of this writer's verses are to appear, it is to be hoped that he will pay attention meanwhile to musical cadence and scanning.

Dialect poems have always a special interest of their own, even when possessed of less intrinsic worth than is the case with "Foc'sle Yarns" (Macmillan), a collection of homely tales supposed to be told by an old Manx sailor. When a book has delighted us so much, it is difficult to express our feeling about it without incurring the risk of hyperbole; at least it may be honestly said that not for years have any poems of the kind appeared in any way worthy to rank with these. Very far the best is "Betsy Lee," which for simple, genuine pathos could hardly be surpassed; the poor old salt's tremulous reminiscences of his lost love are wonderfully touching, whilst the scene of Jenny Magee's death and Tom's meeting with the betrayer over Betsy's grave rise to heights of real tragedy. As for the portraits of Parson Gale, and of the narrator's mother, they are worthy of Crabbe in their minute fidelity to nature; and could anything be much better than this passage, when the girl is stricken down,—

Aw, he was safe to trust was Doctor Bell;
But when he come down—"Is she rarely dyin'?"
Ould Anthony said; but the Doctor was cryin'.
And—"Doctor! Doctor! what can it be?"
"It's only a broken heart," says he;
And he'd come again another day—
And he took his glass and went away.

Perhaps that last line is the most genuine touch of all. "Christmas Rose" and "Captain Tom and Captain Hugh" are both good, though intensely painful; there is strong local colouring in old Baynes's description of the beautiful, uncanny Spanish waif, and Parson Gale's jealous wife is a powerful study. But, perhaps, "Tommy Big-eyes" will be the most general favourite; had we space we should like to quote the whole description of one of Bach's fugues for the sake of its picturesque wit, although it may be true that no real man in the supposed narrator's position would have conceived the idea. We must content ourselves with another short passage relating to Tommy's exploits with the bass viol, when he had at last mastered the difficulties:

But, after that, the life they led with him
I'm tould was shockin'—must have it in bed with him,
This viol, and reachin' to his nose,
And the stick of it tanglin' in the clothes,
And strugglin', and gettin' out on the floor,
And at it still—aw, well to be sure!
At it, I tell ye, from night to mornin';
And the chaps that was sleepin' with him gave them warnin';
And Tommy had to go over the stable;
But, if he'd been put on the top of the Tower of Babel,
Tommy wouldn't have been offended,
Just the thing for him, got on most splendid.

In fine, we heartily advise all who can appreciate true fun and pathos combined in verse with a quaint, rugged melody of its own, to read the book, not once nor twice, but whenever it comes to hand on the favourite shelf.



THE "BEND OR" LIBEL SUIT.—Bend Or has once more come to the front; not, however, on this occasion on the Turf, but in the Queen's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Field. His health, food, ailments, and mode of stable life generally, prior to his victory in the Derby, have been most vividly brought before an interested public in an action for libel raised by his veterinary surgeon against the proprietor of the *Morning Post* for alleging in a sporting article which appeared in that paper that "injurious balls" had been supplied by the surgeon with a view to affect the result of the race shortly before the Derby last year. If a horse is capable of sensations of pride, the vanity of Bend Or might well be gratified, for in investigating the merits of his case not only has a special jury been sitting for several days, but his grooms, trainers, and his noble owner, the Duke of Westminster, have been subjected to cross-examination on his behalf. The jury found that the article in dispute imputed dishonest conduct and want of skill and care to the plaintiff without cause, and that the plaintiff was entitled to 1,750*l.* damages.

THE EDUCATION ACT.—Lord Coleridge, sitting with four other judges, had rather an important point bearing upon the working of the School Board Acts brought before them. A labourer's child had been refused admission to a Leicestershire Board School because the father had not sent the fee of threepence one week in advance. The question arose whether a parent performs the duty imposed upon him by the Act to cause education to be given to his child who only sends his child to the door of the school, without providing for the payment of the fees. The Court decided that he does not. If a parent refuses to apply to the Guardians to help in case of need he becomes liable to the penalties prescribed for neglecting to secure the "effective attendance" of his child.

A STRANGE WILL CASE.—A novelist has materials made to his hand in the extraordinary case of Baker and Jackson v. Rothwell, that occupied the attention of a special jury before Sir J. Hannen, and for more than a week. It was sought to establish the validity of a will found under peculiar, if not suspicious, circumstances, a considerable time after the defendant's appointment as administrator of the estate of the late William Baker. At the time of the death of Mr. Baker no will was forthcoming, but ultimately a Mrs. Baxter found in a hole of the ceiling of the room in the house of the deceased a book containing a will that materially altered the disposition of the property. The evidence of the experts, Mr. Chabot and Mr. Netherclift, conflicted as to the character and genuineness of the writing and signatures. The will was dated in 1870, and by it a legacy of 2,000*l.* was left to Job Hamer, who was designated as being resident at Glasgow, whereas it was shown that Hamer was not a resident there until a year after the will was made. The jury, after occupying three hours in the consideration of their verdict, were discharged, being unable to agree.

A JEWELLERY ACTION.—There is always a fascination in litigation connected with costly jewels. At the close of last week an action was tried before Baron Huddleston, in which a gentleman named White proceeded against Mr. Hill, an Oxford Street jeweller, to compel him to take back a diamond tiara and bracelet which were bought for 4,700*l.*, on the understanding that they would be repurchased, if wished, for two hundred pounds less than that amount at any time within two years. The only written agreement was rather vaguely worded:—"4,700*l.* for grand diamond girdle; 4,500*l.* at any time Mr. White may desire; to be paid in two years from this date, Feb. 21, 1879." The defendant's construction of this was, that plaintiff was to have two years for the payment of the purchase money. Some amusing evidence was given in the course of the trial. Mrs. White, in cross-examination, said that when the memorandum was being written she was "coaxing" her husband to buy the jewels. On which the judge remarked that "coaxing does not necessarily cease when you have got all you want. It may go on as a reward for good conduct!" The jury decided in favour of the plaintiff, and the defendant was ordered to pay 4,500*l.* on restoration of the jewels, or 1,800*l.* if the plaintiff should decide to retain them.

COURT OF APPEAL.—It is rumoured that Sir George Jessel will shortly exchange the Mastership of the Rolls for the permanent Presidency of the Court of Appeal. A seat in the Court of Appeal, with the position of President, has hitherto been appurtenant to the Mastership of the Rolls, but on Sir George Jessel's elevation this privilege will be curtailed. Considerable inconvenience has arisen by the necessary delays caused by the Master of the Rolls sitting alternately in his own Court and the Court of Appeal, which will, under the new arrangement, be obviated. It is considered probable that Mr. Chitty, Q.C., M.P., the present leader of the Rolls Court, will succeed Sir George Jessel.

THE GRAND DAY BANQUET was celebrated last Saturday evening in the old hall of Gray's Inn. The Lord Chief Justice, Sir George Jessel, and other judges, and about a hundred guests were present. The only toast on the occasion was to "The Glorious, Pious, and Immortal Memory of Good Queen Bess," which is never omitted on the Grand Day of each term.

THE SOLICITOR'S JOURNAL intimates that the architect of the Royal Courts of Justice thinks that the whole of the building, including the new Courts, will be ready for occupation by Easter, 1882, in accordance with the urgent desire of the Lord Chancellor.

A COSTLY CIGAR.—A man had the impudence to appear a few days ago before the judge of the Hull County Court with a lighted cigar in his hand. He was promptly arrested, and mulcted in the sum of five shillings for his irreverence.

THE "FREIHEIT" PROSECUTION.—On Wednesday, Lord Coleridge sentenced Johann Most, the editor and proprietor of the *Freiheit*, to sixteen months' hard labour. Most was convicted at the last sessions of the Central Criminal Court of publishing a libel upon the late Emperor of Russia, and with inciting to murder by articles published in his journal.

SKETCHES BY PRIVATE SOLDIERS.—The following letter from Natal, which we publish without alteration, will probably interest our readers:—"Sir,—In sending my sketches to your paper I done it with the idea that any sketches of the British Camp facing the Drakenberg Mountains would be very popular among the many parents that has sons out in this country for anything that has anything to do with their sons is looked upon as if they and their sons were brought together for a time, and it continues so for a time, till the picture by constant looking at gets stale. I am writing this by the knowledge I possess through being a soldier myself and reading a great many letters for poor fellows that cant read or write. The sketches I have sent are what I done in my spare time which is not much at the present time for Coal digging and wood cutting is the kind of work that an infantry soldier is kept at while this Royal Commission is on and the majority is downhearted that they were not allowed to retrieve the defeats that has been caused by taking detachments against 4 or 5000 thousand of the best shots in world, and them laying down behind rocks waiting for them.—Your Humble Servant, — Regt."

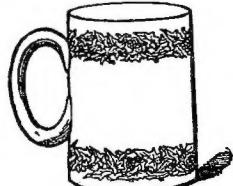
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On account of important structural alterations in the interior of the premises they are compelled to limit the duration of the Sale to EIGHTEEN DAYS.

The same reason makes a very large reduction in the quantity of Stock absolutely necessary, and the Goods, in consequence, will be marked less than the usually low prices.

A few of the items are enumerated below, and an early inspection is respectfully solicited.

COSTUMES.

SILK COSTUMES.—The entire stock of rich Silk Costumes will be marked at prices to effect a clearance. Attention is specially directed to the following:—Rich Brocaded and Satin—Dinner Dresses in Black and Colours—Merveilleux and Lace Fete and Dinner Dresses—Fancy Foulard and Plain Foulard Costumes. Indian Coral Silk, trimmed Velvet, reduced to £4 18s. 6d. Indian Chaddah and Coral Silk, trimmed Lace, £4 18s. 6d. Mixed Fancy Silk Costumes and the remainder of the FRENCH MODELS at nominal prices.

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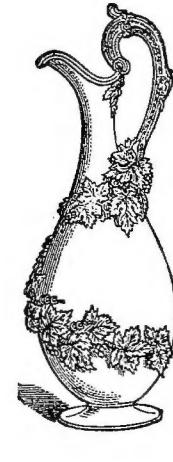
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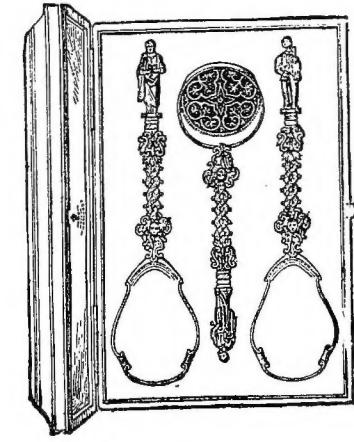


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2 ditto, ditto, without Sifter 6 12 0
4 ditto, ditto, ditto 12 18 0

Silver Tea Pot, with silver handle	25 oz.	£15 7 0
" Sugar Basin, gilt inside	11 oz.	7 14 0
" Cream Ewer, ditto	7 oz.	5 5 0
" Coffee Pot	28 oz.	17 12 0
" Tea Kettle, to hold two quarts, on chased and pierced tripod stand, with spirit lamp	57 oz.	£36 15 0
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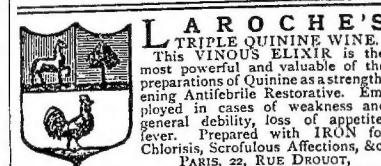
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THE GRAPHIC

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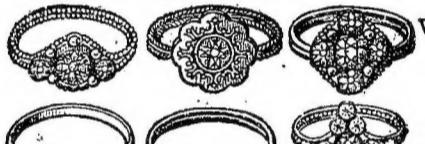
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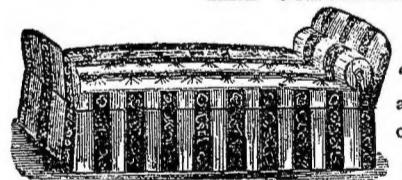
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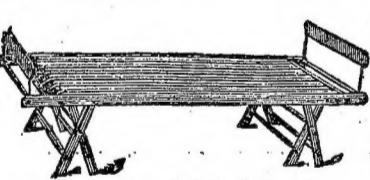
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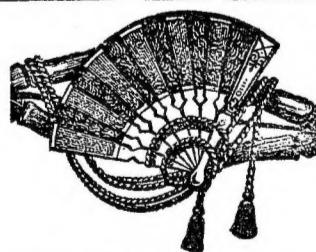
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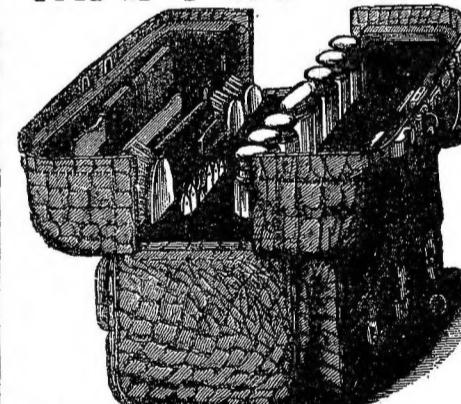
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